The AMERICAN REVIEW

VOLUME TWO NUMBER TWO

DECEMBER 1933

A Capital for the New Deal

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I SHALL describe presently a plan which not only looks capable of ending the depression in this country, but captures the imagination by its own merits as a project besides; a scheme which seems timely now, but would be worth consideration at any time. Since I have had nothing whatever to do with its authorship, I am in a position to furnish it with suitable adjectives: it is daring, simple, and brilliant.

But I do not name it at once. First the economic setting needs to be reviewed—the current scene, the situation to which Mr. Roosevelt has brought us, the background against which this plan projects itself.

It is not our first depression. But it is definitely our worst. Others have been acute ailments; this one begins to look chronic, it does not seem to intend to go away, and at last we have been forced to do what we have never had to do with a depression before. We are trying to heal it with medicine and regimen, when all our traditions tell us that if we only leave it alone the constitution of the economic body will throw off the virus without assistance.

What is the cause of depression? It is a foolish question, if it expects a simple answer. Depression is a bodily state to which innumerable petty acts have contributed; specifically, many millions of acts of acquisitive private agents over many years. Probably there is no sharply critical one cause; certainly there is no agreement as to what it is. So much does economic science lack of being an exact science, even in the favorable situation where it is *ex post facto.*

It has not been necessary until now to raise this question seriously. Whatever the cause of depressions, the cure has come spontaneously as if by an act of providence. The cure has been substantially the same for them all. Some fresh, large-scale enterprise, external with respect to the given and stagnant fields of industry, has been the curative agent; gathering momentum, attracting to its orbit ever more of the unemployed workmen and the hiding capital, till all the slack has been taken up, and depression has given way to "boom"; that is, to a condition of productive activity such that even more capital and more labour are wanted than the market can readily furnish. That, we have thought in the past, is the way depressions go away; why should we try to enter into their causes and cure them? Governments may have been made extremely uncomfortable during the depression period but, knowing little about it, they have had the good sense to wait it out, and they have been rewarded as the cure has come duly to pass without the benefit of government.

If the economist will allow so easy a description, depression is a condition marked by too much productive energy stored up in the economic body, when brains and muscles and money seem paralysed for the lack of incentive to action, that is, for the lack of profit-returning transactions. The reviving stimulus comes from without to release the energy.

Here are some of these external stimuli which are capable of curing depression if they can be applied. (We know them both theoretically and historically.) (1) War will do it, if nothing else happens first; for war promotes instantly, from the moment of waging, a period of furious activity, putting a premium on production, maintaining an extravagant rate of consumption, riding over all the little local cores of inertia. But war is too heroic a stimulus; not much relished by democracies. (2) Destruction of those works of man which constitute his fixed capital, by storms, fires, cataclysms of nature, will serve, if their path of incidence is wide enough; or destruction by their war-like equivalent, plain sabotage; so that if a few of the great centres of wealth in our country, say New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, could be suddenly destroyed, there would arise such a necessity of replacement that depression would be gone before we knew it. (3) A more agreeable stimulus consists in novel forms of production, as when a lucky piece of engineering skill makes it possible to produce a new commodity, and it is wanted in such volume as to call for capital and labour in proportion to the degree of their unemployment; hence the rise of railroads, of automobiles, or perhaps of a combination of many lesser industries. (4) Or a new value is found for exploitation in nature, the gold or diamonds in the mines, the oil in the wells, a special climatic happiness in Florida or California; the rush begins, participated in by wealth and penury alike, and activity is restored. (5) Or the frontier is extended, a tract of virgin soil is opened to settling in the ordinary manner, and this settlement uses up the superfluous energies, and the whole economy once more functions healthily.

There may be other stimuli. They come singly or combined, and large or small, not necessarily much attended to when they come; but they come, or at least they used to come. Modern capitalistic society, nowhere quite so trustingly of course as here, has banked on their coming, has gone its hasty way predicated on some undefined and uneven yet rapid rate of "expansion". To this end capitalism has constantly laid up its treasure and set aside its manpower. And the failure to realize the scheduled expansion at those moments when uses for this producing-power do not present themselves as fast as it is being segregated and made ready for use, has given us now and again depression. Naturally the alternation of boom and depression tends to be periodic, though the period cannot possibly be defined, for the outlets for the stored energy are too contingent. They are, after all, precarious; they may not be discovered when they are most wanted, when they are most sought.

And this is precisely our predicament now. What fresh outside stimulus, Number One, Two, Three, or X, is in process, is even visibly approaching over the horizon? War and destruction as cures are considered worse than the disease—though as for destruction it must be remembered that economic expansion is not likely to take any new direction without making obsolete some part of the given productive plant, and that, in general, change or "progress" on principle is a fairly extravagant luxury in which construction is attended by plenty of destruction. As for new industries at this moment they do not come convincingly, and as for new natural resources we seem to have made all the principal discoveries about our terrain and its possibilities; and as for new lands for settlement, we seem at last to be "settled", for the frontier has reached the western ocean with no gap left in it, and thus the one never-failing recourse of an economic society which always tended to build and develop too fast is gone forever. We are stuck.

It has been utterly abhorrent to the American temper to make this admission, for thereupon it must require itself to reform its whole economic outlook. President Hoover and his counsellors, who formed an administration well up to the normal standard of competence in this country, preferred to wait, and did wait, in as dignified an attitude as government ever wore under such circumstances. Capitalism, in its putatively divine right, in its mystical ineffable identity, was to bring its own cure by processes as mysterious as the incidence of its disease had been mysterious. Mr. Hoover and other public protagonists of the great "American system" did not really pretend to understand this system, much less did they care to try to manage or control it. But while they waited nothing happened, except more inactivity, deeper depression, creeping paralysis; so that when Mr. Roosevelt proposed to go forcibly into the inner processes of capitalism, study them and correct them if possible, the American temper reluctantly but decisively authorized him to do it, for this temper was prepared at last to be reformed. Exit Mr. Hoover and the view that the system was a sacred institution; enter Mr. Roosevelt assuming at last that it was a profane one, and subject to treatment.

It was a momentous decision. Since last March we seem to have been trying hard to accustom ourselves to the sense that the days of incessant expansion, the great carefree epic days, are over for our economic society, and that there are before it very much duller days of laborious "stabilization" and mere discretion. Mr. Roosevelt came into power with an arduous, irritating, highly experimental sort of assignment. It was inevitable that he was not going to discover all the inward springs of the capitalistic engine in a hurry and without making mistakes, since the economic wisdom even of his Brain Trust was no more forward than it was likely to have been before the grand finale of the expansionist or wildcat period of modern capitalism; inevitable also that he was going to step on the toes of many Americans who found it difficult to offer the fruits of repentance in token of their conversion from expansion to stability. Probably Mr. Roosevelt was prepared for just these issues. Probably he is not deceived now either as to the measure of success he has had in getting our business nearer to a going basis, or as to the actual and quite dangerous resistance that every one of his schemes has to meet with continually because of its conflict with the older business psychology.

Mr. Roosevelt is trying to deal with depression in the hard way; it having proved impossible to wait longer in order that nature might take its course, which would be the easy way.

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But what if it were not quite necessary even now to try the hard way? What if there were a brand-new large-scale enterprise in which we could all enlist as private citizens, going into business and obtaining the usual business rewards until the depression should be forgotten? To Americans at large that would seem infinitely preferable, though perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, now that he has put his hand to the plow, might not prefer it because it was less painful, but might elect to go on and work out the principles of stabilization which sooner or later have to be worked out if America as an economic entity is to survive. Let us waive Mr. Roosevelt's preference momentarily.

Suppose that an ingenious man discovered just off our western coastline an area of shallow waters, and devised a not too difficult technique by which the land beneath them could be raised, and a rich territory added to our national domain the equivalent in size and natural wealth of several states. (Part of the Florida boom consisted in rearing magic islands out of the sea, and then erecting fairy castles on the islands.) In the raising of the land, and in its colonization and development, there would be a fresh project of such dimensions as to end depression, and end it the easy way.

But it might be a question whether we would be better off permanently for adding another bloc of western States to our Union; we are probably big enough already; and at the next depression we would have to go through our present pains again, and pick up again the very problems we had started on in 1933; with the difference that they would have now acquired a slightly larger scale than before.

Suppose now that somebody with patriotism and imagination, and at the same time with a sufficient business realism, should devise a project which had a compelling usefulness, and the desired dimensions, and was an interior project, or one that would leave this country not so much bigger as better, when it should be concluded. Such a project would invite participation by those now waiting for a project, and would obtain this participation if it were actually launched; and it might seem worth launching to Mr. Roosevelt and those determined economic house-cleaners who with him are our present political authorities; for it would be a project on the easy order, well suited to go along with and mitigate their project which is on the hard order.

I come then to the plan. It is this: to erect a new capital city for this Union, deep in the interior where our capital city ought to be, and larger, more modern, and more beautiful than any city on earth.

This is the plan which has been advanced by my fellow townsman of Nashville, Mr. Sidney Mttron-Hirsch. He has given it out up to this point only orally, but a steadily widening circle of lawyers, bankers, and business men have been made acquainted with it, and have received it with almost unqualified approval. It is a plan that seems destined to have a large public circulation.

The plan is at this stage like a sketch, whose detail is yet to be filled in, and permits no end of discussion and elaboration. Naturally it will not be entertained seriously by people to whom it does not seem likely to compel the public imagination in the first place; but it does not look as if it lacked this faculty.

It is a fact that we need a capital city; but it has scarcely appeared before that the creation of a capital city is a work whose virtue it is to profit us in the act as well as in the consequence.

The capital city which stands on the eastern seaboard is a political anomaly which is justly if mildly obnoxious to all those sections which have to orient themselves, or look to the East, so arbitrarily. It is surprising that in a nation whose energies are largely dedicated to feats of engineering, which is fond of magnificent architecture, and which politically is filled with powerful sectional jealousies, that we have not already relocated the national capital. But this is especially so now that it has become a commonplace of military opinion that a capital on the seaboard of a nation of continental proportions is a mistake. Washington, like Philadelphia, like New York, is exposed to annihilation in the event of war with a first-class power owning an air-fleet; but a capital located anywhere near the geographical centre, or say 1500 miles from the seacoast, is as immune to attack as a capital can well be in this world.

We must have cities, we shall have them, even if suddenly of late we have become conscious of the squalor, the discomfort, the shoddiness, and the pretentiousness which is in them all as we know them. "Agrarians" may not like cities temperamentally, and talk against the prospects of any big cities in the future, yet they too go to cities and are influenced by cities, and it is a matter of fact that the city focusses all the features of a culture as nothing else does. But there are cities and cities, and it is right to want to make wide, healthful, and splendid the city of our election. The meanest tillers of the olive groves had an Athens to go to when they went to a city, and its beauty acquainted them by its persuasive symbolism with the character of their empire and their civilization. There is nowhere in the world among great cities any that is planned and built with a half-way thoroughness of design; especially is there not any that is modern, that permits a decent degree of modern mobility to its transportation, that is completely expressive of our living culture and mode of life. There is not a city in whose erection the expenditure of love and labour has really been lavish and unstinted. Probably there is no people which is prepared to make such an expenditure upon its national city, and not to stop short of whatever perfection is humanly possible for the contemporary generation, unless it is ourselves. Our national energies could scarcely find a field for prouder expression than in raising a national city which would stand henceforth as the object of veneration and the symbol of our unity in diversity, our power, and our peculiar character.

In time of war we manage like other nations to achieve concerted action, but when the war is over grow half-ashamed of the cause we fought for; perhaps because as soon as the emergency is past we fall into our usual division of interests, and it reaches back and dissolves even the memory of our recent solidarity. In time of peace we go along in perfect disorder, and seem incapable of unanimous political action. We muddle through like Britain, or probably more so. We recall that less than a century ago Britain was deliberately achieving an Indian Empire, which was a demonstration of the unified will; and so far as that goes we too have shown at times an overwhelming sense of the strategy of territorial acquisitions. Nevertheless it is true that there have been in modern times, or since the rise of an individualist habit of mind through private capitalism, very few exhibits of a really national will fixed upon deliberate and peaceful objectives, so that when the Russians proceeded, with some pardonable heroics, upon a revolutionary Five Year Plan the muddling or conservative nations felt that a very embarrassing precedent was being loosed upon the world. The Russian Plan was based upon a barbarous premise, and still impresses us as the act of a nation with much more nationalism and main strength than worldly wisdom and fastidiousness. Nevertheless it was the act of a political will and puts us to shame. Our youth, lacking a war, has nothing better in the way of a cause than its boy scout organizations and its football teams; it is behind its European contemporaries, which have at least their Youth Movement, the seed undoubtedly of political actions of the future. Our older generations have their private business affairs, intercalated with the occasional discharge of obscure civic functions. It is time we conceived a national enterprise, entered upon it with some spirit, concluded it with plenty of ceremony, and left something standing to carry whatever subtle consequences it might.

The project of a capital city, distinctive, expressive of our national taste and of the opulence of our physical resources, offers the occasion.

It is Mr. Mttron-Hirsch's thought that the only appropriate site for the city is somewhere along the forested banks, both banks, of the Mississippi. That stream is perhaps the most distinctive physical feature of our territory, and the most beloved and legended. A city situated there would be somewhat west of the centre of population and somewhat east of the geographical centre.

He proposes for it an area of one hundred miles square, with an expectation of housing fifteen millions of inhabitants.

His idea of the business side of the undertaking is attested by a good many practical men as feasible. It is nothing less than a federal project that he has in mind. Let the government secure the land by condemnation and purchase, and start the construction of the streets, approaches, bridges, and public buildings. Then let the government sell off the land in detail to private citizens and corporations for their residences and business houses, at whatever price the market will bring; let it also if it pleases sell its franchises to the different sorts of public utilities which would bid for the privilege of doing business there. The city would thus pay its own way. It would have cost the government nothing in the long run. And the fact that the cost of its construction would have become virtually an aggregate of private expenditures would constitute another fact also, namely, that the depression would have been ended. The capital city would be after all the expression of our capitalist or private-ownership system—operating within such regulations and constraints as we are now in the act of determining that they shall, permanently, observe.

Without offering a biographical sketch of the author of this proposal, I remark that it is the conception of a poet, not of a professional economist, though it would seem to satisfy the latter; and that is why it is large and bold. He does not mean this plan merely as a scheme for ending the depression, he thinks of it in more positive and colourful terms. The Ideal City is to be a shrine, a perpetual American Fair, an instrument for improving all those Americans who will go there privately or officially to see it. He thinks, like Confucius, of noble "forms and ceremonies" which will take place there. It is to house national monuments, art galleries, exhibitions, museums, literary and musical occasions; and perhaps it will be the seat of a national or federal university, to which collegians from all over the nation, according to some principle of representation, are to win their admission by competition; and in which they are not to be instructed in the technique of business (since it is not to be a university in the usual sense for "getting on in the world") but instructed in the more timeless and less utilitarian branches of art and science, in order that our citizens, like the European citizens of a few generations ago, may have within them the dignity of citizenship and the matter of culture.

I cannot elaborate further upon a plan that seems to me capable of leading anybody into pleasant meditations along these patriotic lines, meditations which will seem perhaps for the first time to have a prospect of being fruitful also. I certainly shall not reveal publicly the romantic speculations the plan induces in me; speculations which assume, I suppose, that at last America is grown up, and ready to indulge in certain rarer and finer interests that did not have much chance when we were merely a healthy, scrambling, acquisitive young democracy.

It must be addressed in the last resort, of course, to Mr. Roosevelt. Now Mr. Roosevelt's unusual competence is only in part the consequence of his training in the school of realistic politics; it is also the consequence of his having an imaginative gift that makes him always see more in the issue than appears in its categorical statement. In general, what he proposes is not only to bring us out of depression, but to inaugurate permanently a New Deal. Why should he not want to build a new capital for its safekeeping?

The fight which Mr. Roosevelt makes every day is chiefly against an opposition which has its centre in the money markets of the East, where private capitalism makes its most desperate and dangerous gamble. His schemes meet with substantial approval from the little business men over the country, and almost from whole sections of the country if these are not the section of the monied East. How could he better claim to represent these sections against the East, though not necessarily to the point of persecuting the ex-dominant East, than by setting in to move the seat of government to a place where it will be fairly representative of the national geography? And how could he honour the fixed genius of the several sections, when he goes to establish the seat there, better than by inviting them in the federal manner to contribute of their characteristic expression?

These thoughts, and their discussion, and the beginning of their translation into public act, might well occupy Mr. Roosevelt's first term. A vast activity of building might occupy his second term, if he should have one. There would be little or nothing heard about depression.

President Hyde and the American College

II. *Collegiate Curriculum*

G. R. Elliott

By touching in quick succession the main aspects of the personality and work of "Hyde of Bowdoin", I have tried to suggest how richly he represented the collegiate spirit. He carried that spirit over from the nineteenth into the twentieth century. He preserved it and did much to develop it, by his wide and quiet influence in the United States, at a time when it was endangered by the advance of materialism and the monstrous growth of our new universities. But what Hyde did for the spirit of the college he did not do for the curriculum. Here the influence of the universities was too much for him. The curriculum, in the best sense of the word, is *the whole intellectual form* of the college. And since the college is primarily an intellectual institution its curriculum is properly the main embodiment of its spirit. But this conception was quite foreign to the generation of educators to which Hyde belonged. They allowed the spirit and the curriculum of the college to drift into opposite camps. The result is that today, from the intellectual standpoint, the spirit of the college is a disembodied spirit and the very word "curriculum" has a dry and bony air. Not that the curriculum is a skeleton. It is nothing so articulate as that. It is a pile of bones so miscellaneous that the most inspired Ezekiel aided by the most artful anthropologist could not make them into anything resembling human shape. These bones cannot live. They are the wrong bones.

Ponder at arm's length the printed Curriculum, or Catalogue, as it is called more truthfully, of the typical American college of today. It has two main parts, like the well known folder issued by American railways: first, Condensed Time of Trains; second, Local Timetables. The first part gives us the general requirements for the degree: it provides a summary of the whole route to the B. A. Only, the route is not really a route and the final stopping-place is as vague and variable as the destinations in Wonderland. Many different lines may be taken and the junctions are largely imaginary. The unit of travel is the year-course—that is, some or other subject pursued in some or other direction for one academic year. For a full description of these units turn to the Local Timetables. They are arranged, preferably and honestly, in ABC order, since their relation to each other is chiefly alphabetical. Table One, perhaps, is Art—probably not Angelology, not yet at least. Table Thirty, in a college of five or six hundred students, would properly be Zoology. And the total number of courses scheduled is about a hundred and fifty—that is, an average of one "train" for every three or four of the youthful excursionists. The service, you see, is generous.

And the details of the System are elaborate. They will baffle you if you are not on the inside track. They will painfully bring to memory your first and worst experience with the bulky blue folder issued by the V. W. X. & Y. Z. R. R. This railroad image simply will not down. It haunts us because, so far from being adventitious, it is true to the historical facts of the case. Notice that the old word "curriculum" may be forced (by hastily educated persons) to mean: "something that runs on wheels, as fast as it can." This is the interpretation favoured by our American universities—growing up hastily, as they did, in an era of vast railway expansion, of high-speed vehicular traffic of all kinds running in all directions. The word "university", losing entirely its noblest suggestion, that of an educational body trying to imitate the proportionateness of the universe, came to signify an energetic chaos wherein every kind of knowledge, unperturbed by questions of value and fitness, should go its own way on its own wheels. And the collegiate "curriculum", cut off from its root-meaning, that of a broad and unified course of study leading the students towards a common goal, came to signify a miscellaneous pilgrimage full of shuntings and switchings and signallings and ticketings. So that the resemblance between the American College Catalogue and the American Railway Timetable is by no means fanciful. It is generic and fatal. . . . Perhaps you are innocently searching the Catalogue for some final "depot" (as our American language has it) and for the proper "connections". Well, here you find connections that do not connect and many other timetable affinities: columns of print in variegated types; long lists of strange names; strings of letters and numbers and abbreviations; esoteric signs and signals; cross-references and notes, and footnotes to explain the notes; "trains" that run Mon. Wed. Fri., others

Tu. Thurs. Sat., some that run one year and not another year; and everywhere the haunting sense of "Train goes no further—All change here".

In lieu of a main intellectual direction, and just because of that lack, the Catalogue is full of minute directions. The traffic rules are many and complex. The American College Faculty can outdo the Interstate Commerce Commission in the fertile production of regulations. One clause breeds another. Exceptions occur, and then come exceptions to the exceptions. The Dean and his aides study these things, committees brood upon them, and the Faculty discusses them —sometimes with heated actuarial eagerness. Normally, however, the Faculty meeting is a polite conference of transportation experts, each chiefly concerned about his own particular road, yet all aware that some or other semblance of a through-route is desirable. But a semblance, unlike a reality, can arouse no real devotion and becomes increasingly difficult to maintain. It stands in need of continual readjustments and bolsterings. Hence the mere working rules of the System are becoming more and more *the sole mental interest* that the members of the Faculty have *in common.* The corporate intellectual life of the college declines progressively. Each department of instruction is becoming a little college by itself. Glance through the annual editions of the typical catalogue* for the past ten years and you will find that "French" or "Chemistry", say, has progressively developed a little curriculum of its own. Its timetable has become fuller and more attractive and better arranged. Local connections have improved. The apparition of a through-route, on the other hand, has become more intricate but even less convincing than ever. The System is a breeder of local interests. New and young instructors are less and less interested in the college course as a whole, more and more preoccupied with their own departments and courses.

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* The Catalogical details given in this paper are typical rather than actual. I have taken a composite photograph of many college catalogues.

Generally five of these courses, each with three class-meetings a week, must be taken contemporaneously by the student. Thus he has plenty of exercise hopping back and forth among trains. Mental agility is his chief requisite. Concentration and leisurely reflection are discounted. He who meditates is lost—that is, if he lingers so long on one line that he fails to get his ticket punched on some other line. Tickets are punched once a week, at least, by conscientious "conductors", and the young traveller must accumulate the proper total of variegated perforations, *i.e.* "marks". To be sure, there are certain Through Trains. The student before the end of his voyage must amass one "Major" and two "Minors"; that is, three courses in one subject and two courses in each of two other subjects. Any subjects, almost, will do. The requirement is in terms of miles, not values. And the *voyageur* is carefully prevented from piling up too much mileage on the line of his major interest. The Rules for Passengers provide, for example: that "not more than five courses may be taken in any one department", that "not more than two courses may be taken at one time in one subject or under one instructor", etc. etc. Thus, you see, the lazy or shallow student is prevented from so choosing his "units" as to waste all of his time; or rather he is cunningly prevented from wasting it in the way he prefers. Thus, too, the capable and trustworthy student is prevented from using his time to the best advantage.

In the first two years of the B. A. journey the student's work is almost all "prescribed", in a wonderfully elastic sense of this word. The prescriptions are sometimes inclusive enough to be meaningless, sometimes narrow enough to be deadly, and always scattered enough to be distracting. The Condensed Time of Trains informs the young beginner that the "degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred upon students who secure credit for twenty-one units" and that "one unit must be placed in each of the following six groups": (1) Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Mathematics, Physics, Psychology; (2) English, French, German, Greek, Italian, Latin, Spanish; (3) History, Philosophy; and so on. Perhaps group (4) is Biography, English, Music, Public Speaking; group (5), Economics, Government, History. Your agile eye will note that, by skilful picking and choosing, TWO units instead of one may be "taken for credit", as the phrase goes, in English and History. In another arrangement Biology, French, and Latin, perhaps, are the favoured subjects. Why, you indignantly ask, why such favouritism in a democratic System? The answer is very simple. These fortunate "lines" just happen to have been represented at Faculty meetings by patient, determined, persuasive experts. Notice, on the other hand, that either Philosophy or History may be entirely omitted (3). You may be shocked by the fact that whole coach-loads of Bachelors of Arts may be quite unphilosophical (or unhistorical). But the Professor of History (or

Philosophy) may not be at all disconcerted by this situation. For if he is young enough to have grown up under the present system—the System is inbreeding—he himself in his undergraduate days may have left out Philosophy (or History). The point seems to be that if you are sufficiently interested in the story of mankind you may skip the story of human ideas. Or if, on the other hand, you are charmed by the ideas, why bother about the facts?

But when you turn from the story of human nature to the story of physical nature, you have to bother about the facts with a vengeance (see group [1] above). You must take "Bugs" or "Chem" or "Phys" or "Psych". . . . These abbreviations, prevalent on the American college campus today, are natural and scientific. For the complete nouns are too long to be handled efficiently when they have to be handled so incessantly. Each student has to ponder back and forth, and discuss right and left, the multitudinous items offered in natural science until he can decide, largely on grounds that have nothing to do with a liberal education, just where he had best try to secure his one or two required units. His choice is mainly a gamble, and sometimes it is luckless. Perhaps he embarks upon Astronomy. No doubt this subject (which cannot be pleasantly reduced to one syllable like the others) points to vast regions remote from his everyday interests. But he chooses it by a spirited process of elimination, as thus: "Bugs", maybe, is out of the question. For though Biology deals with Life—which is just the very thing we all want to have, more abundantly—and though the professor of this subject is said to be very "human", the description of the Introductory Course that appears in the Catalogue is frightfully bulky (3 x 2 inches of small type) and includes such words as ecology, embryology, cytology, histology, morphology, and physiology. This may be Life; but it will never do. We prefer less Life and more hope. But Chemistry, too, is hopeless, for we hear that "Chem Lab." is exceedingly exacting and our aim in life, as it just happens, is to be a business man, or a clergyman, not a chemist. Now, the Introductory Course in Astronomy has no laboratory work (the aloofness of the stars is rather useful, after all), and it has only one line of type in the Catalogue. "Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence," as Bassanio used to say in our high-school English days; "and here choose I, joy be the consequence". . . . Alas, alas! the course, when opened, discloses a fool's-head and the black sign "Math". It happens that Mathematics is our weakest point. We had no notion that Astronomy would press upon it so heavily. It is clear that we are going to "flunk" this course, *i.e.*, fail to obtain "credit" for it. Then whither, oh whither, shall we turn, next year, for our necessary unit in Science? Let's have a try at "Min". The rocks no doubt will be hard enough—with their "composition, properties", etc. in the mineralogical section of the Catalogue—but not so hard for us, we hope, as the unexpected trigonometrical intricacies of the stars. The rocks, in our case, appear to be *prescribed*. Our hope of Bachelorhood shall be founded on the rocks.

But as to the placement of these rocks in "the *foundation* of a liberal education", as the Requirements for the Degree are called ironically—that is another matter. Giving rein to mere common sense, we may urge that if a youth in his period of intellectual expansion is permitted to abbreviate his experience of science to a piece of "Min" or "Psych" or "Chem", his mental outlook is apt to be badly warped. This specialistic kind of nature-study should be (1) either struck out from the Requirements or (2) conjoined with a general course in the principles and history of science. But our collegiate scientists detest the first horn of this dilemma and turn away from the second. Their excuses for not providing a history of science are either pathetic or sophistical (there is another dilemma for them). Their case, however, is just an acute example of the malady that affects the Faculty as a whole, though it is not so endemic in the independent college as in the university-college. The college professor, generally speaking, is such in name only. In reality he is a university specialist keenly interested in the minds of only a small proportion of his students, namely those who are embryonic university specialists. Towards the others he is kindly. He does his best to render his piecemeal wares as little emetic as possible to crowds of young Americans actuated by the strange, vague, human hunger for seeing the relationships among the main aspects of the human spirit—scientific, literary, religious, political, philosophic. A true college curriculum would require some very specific work in each of those fields. But above all it would prescribe a four-year course of study that would bring those fields together in something like their true relations and proportions. This matter will be returned to later on. At present, please to contemplate the "curriculum" that is being pursued by the typical youth who is "making" his required scientific unit in Mineralogy. On M. W. F., 9:30-10:20, he is deep in "the composition and properties of the ordinary rocks and minerals". At other hours in the same week he is covering the composition and properties of any four of the following: Horace's Odes, Flowering Plants, Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy", Differential Calculus, After-dinner Speaking, French Prose of the Eighteenth Century, Philosophy of Spinoza, History of Europe from 800 to 1500, Greek Drama in Translation, The Behaviourist Theory, Beethoven's Symphonies. . . . This does not look like a *foundation*, in which all the stones are fitly framed together. It looks like Stonehenge on wheels, going off to different museums.

In its last two years, the B. A. journey waxes exciting and the antics of the System become, if possible, still more intricate. For the young pilgrim, having been carefully taught to be *dis*cursive, is now encouraged to become *ex*cursive. He is permitted to ramble considerably among the many local and competing "services" that he finds in the timetables. And the absorbing question is, whether he is going to arrive safely and with how much mileage to his credit. His score is elaborately kept and computed by officials who are good at mathematics. If it stands at 77 at the beginning of his third year, can he increase it before the close by a full three points (2.99 will not do), thus winning a clear intellectual distinction (80)? Can he "make the grade"? And to what extent should he have that end in view when picking his trains? Here he must privately study the "References" and "Equipment": "Daily except Sunday—

Monday only—Stops on signal—Buffet lounge compartment—Sleeping cars only—Carries no baggage —Extra fare charged". . . . The problem of routing, too, demands of him a climactic ingenuity. Before the close of his trip he simply must visit such and such a landscape recommended by his roommate or his uncle. And, far away from that, there rises some new and glittering suburb of knowledge that catches his eye. And then there are the way-stations insisted on so annoyingly by his professors. He must make sure that by the end of his tour he shall have proceeded in many different directions, desired or required, and that the jumping-off place, wheresoever it be, shall display the sign "B. A."

In its intellectual make-up the American college today is not a true college: it is an imitation-university. Now, this consummation was very far from being wished by President Hyde. But he failed to foresee it clearly. For he was caught in the current reaction from the stiff, old-time college-curriculum, and though he was not swept off his feet by that reaction, his purposes were confused by it. As an undergraduate at Harvard, 1875-79, he felt the first flush of the reforming spirit of which President Eliot was the leading exponent. In 1899, when the new spirit had reached its zenith, he published in *The Atlantic Monthly* a laudatory essay on "President Eliot as an Educational Reformer". In 1906 he reprinted it in his book, *The College Man*, under the new and ominous title of "A Great *College* President". This is precisely the wrong title for Eliot. Hyde indeed criticizes him for his literary style—with its narrow monotony, its incapacity "to light up present facts with glowing reminiscences" of the past—and for the "one-sided Intellectualism" of his dictum that "the various philosophical theories and religious beliefs should be studied before, and not after, any of them are embraced"; but without perceiving that such defects were surface indications of *a central position inimical to the proper nature of the college.* Hyde mentions, without comment and without apparent irony, Eliot's "doctrine of the equal rank, for purposes of admission to college, of all subjects taught by proper methods", and also his "generous desire that others should share in whatever good thing Harvard has wrought out".

Meanwhile in the Association of New England Colleges Hyde had become Eliot's chief supporter, frequently in opposition to Porter of Yale and Seelye of Amherst. The younger man, flexible and modest to a fault, was swayed by the serene self-sureness and pertinacity of his elder. His good sense kept him from carrying Eliot's dogmas to any violent extreme. But he was unable to provide that trenchant and enlightened criticism of Eliot, from the collegiate standpoint, that was then so badly needed. As Hyde's biographer points out he felt (quite mistakenly, I think) that he was in agreement with Eliot's "fundamental position". And it is a public misfortune that, in those crucial days, a college president so influential as Hyde should have been so much influenced by an educator who, however excellent in other ways, was a very bad collegian. Hyde in the essay cited above pokes fun at the narrow curriculum in force in Harvard College in 1869-70—"this dogmatism of second-rate minds"—without noting that Eliot, instead of reforming that curriculum, simply exploded it. Eliot did much towards ruining curricular thought in the American college, towards making the college a counterfeit university, devoid (in Hyde's fine phrase) of "the proportions of truth".

As a young and vigorous president, Hyde had the laudable aim of rousing the "classical college" to a sense of its responsibility in facing the questions of the modern age. He had also the necessary aim, considering the state of decline in which he found Bowdoin, of widening the appeal and increasing the support of this particular institution. But he was too much affected by the naïve and reckless expansionism that was going on in Harvard. By 1890 he had increased the number of elective courses in Bowdoin from an eighth to nearly half of the whole, and to the end he maintained his belief in the elective principle. "Studies are foods," he would say, "and a youth can have a real zest only for those that he chooses for himself." The fallacy of the epigram is obvious enough. Aside from the gastronomic difference between beefsteak and Homer, it is certain that beefsteak is usually *chosen for* the American boy by his parents before he chooses it for himself, and that many boys in various lands for whom Homer has been chosen by their elders have presently acquired a strong and natural zest for him. However, Hyde followed the trend of the times in abolishing the requirement of Greek (about 1895) and, later, in weakening that of Latin, though he encouraged both subjects as electives. He extended the curriculum in the direction of natural science, physical education, and "social science". His strong advocacy of sociology, resisted during his lifetime, has met with unfortunate posthumous success.

Not that I wish to cast a slur on that subject or on any interesting branch of investigation, literary, scientific, or what not, instituted in modern times. But the right place for new and specialistic studies, as independent subjects, is not the college but the university, until they shall have approved themselves, if they can, by rich human developments. They must learn to burn their own smoke. So far, generally speaking, they are clogged with masses of trivial detail, and devoted to purposes that are insignificant or inflated or both. Often they have elements of quick and wide appeal to undergraduate minds. But when these youths leave college and attain wider experience, their attitude changes. The best of them regret the time they spent on up-to-date specialisms and wish that the college had forcibly concentrated their youthful energies on studies richer in human meaning. They are therefore in substantial agreement with educators like Professor Shafer who are claiming that the so-called "liberal curriculum", with its array of elective subjects, has now become ruinous for liberal education in America. And I believe that Hyde, if he were now alive and in his prime, would also take this view. He would be one of the first to hear in the 1930's, as he heard in the 1880's, the call of a new day. He would find the present college Catalogue as funny as that of 1869–a new "dogmatism [or would he say "diffusion"?] of second rate minds". He would see that a fresh conception of the curriculum has now become necessary for the preservation and development of the purposes that he himself had at heart.

For underneath its popular and temporary aspects, Hyde's view of education was large and sound. In the course of his well-known "Offer of the College" (1901) he says that the college provides the opportunity "to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of one's own". Note the altruistic turn of the phrasing. This is due to the fact that Hyde was here addressing the general American public in answer to the question raised by a popular journal, "Does a College Education Pay?" Pay and Altruism—these continue as public American ideals (not facts) today. Hyde seized upon them and refined them in his public justification of the college. But in stricter form the passage quoted above would read, "a standard for the critical evaluation of the work of oneself and others". And this would be truer to Hyde's best thought, in which there was no false or sentimental antithesis of oneself and others, but a constant emphasis on fullness of life attained by thoughtful and disinterested labour. "Enjoyable, effective, complete life", he said to an assembly of educators, "is the end of education". The chief problem of the scholar was "to make a whole of his life". And this wholeness and fullness demanded a lifelong cooperation of one's inward and outward efforts in discovering ever higher standards and in carrying them into deeds. Hyde was unsurpassed in his criticism of culture of the inert and selfish kind, and in his advocacy, by word and by personal example, of the active function of the scholar. He held up before a graduating class in Smith College the following aim: "To make the particular place you occupy, the precise thing you do, the exact word you say, the out-come and expression of the world's best thought and labour in so far as it is applicable to the case in hand."

"The world's best thought and labour"—the best that has been thought and *done* in the world: this criterion is more reliable than Matthew Arnold's famous dictum. But how is the college to uphold that standard while at the same time preparing each undergraduate to decide for himself how far it is "applicable to the case in hand"? Surely the answer is, by means of the *free* study of human masterpieces. But free study does not mean free choice of studies on the part of the undergraduate. To allow him to decide which persons, which works of literature, art, science, history, and philosophy, are to be considered human masterpieces, and just which of them should claim his main attention, is to make him the slave of his own immaturity. On the other hand, he cannot emerge from that slavery unless he is given all possible liberty in respect to methods and ideas. Of course the instructor should explain, with due modesty, those methods and ideas that he himself has found most fruitful and, with more confidence, those that seem to have approved themselves in the course of human civilization: but he should not require the student to adopt them. He should expose them but not impose them. Otherwise he encourages the student to become either conventional or rebellious—in either case stunted in liberal development. The proper business of the college is not to teach the student what or how to think, but to require him to gain a reasonable acquaintance with the most masterly expressions of the human mind, and to provide him with whatever help is necessary (and not more) in his study of them. Only thus may he develop such will and judgement, together with such knowledge, as may enable him to bring "the world's best thought and labour" to bear effectually upon his own individual life.

At present, however, the B. A. degree, so far from representing a free study of human masterpieces, represents an unfree study of "courses" selected by the student with false freedom. The very word "course", as I have shown, has practically ceased to denote the college-course as a whole, the curriculum. It denotes a carefully organized promenade on the part of a particular instructor through some particular field that appeals to him—for example "English Poetry from Gray to Masefield (one year)"—with required attendance and continual little assignments and tests to make sure that the members of the class are following every footstep of the master. Freedom is denied the student where he ought to have it, and given him where he cannot use it properly. Freedom today in college studies means, in short, freedom from the human study of human masterpieces. Not many of these are included in the courses taken by the typical undergraduate and he studies very few of them indeed with anything like human freedom. He is free to become a Bachelor of Arts by missing the chief works of human art, of human making, from the *Odyssey*, let's say, down to *Faust*; and by acquiring only a faint acquaintance with a baker's dozen (if his luck runs thus high) of the noblest persons in human history, from Confucius to Lincoln. Amazing lists could be made of the little things with which the young Bachelor's head is stored and the important things from which it is free. Let the following instance serve as a symbol. The so-called curriculum in one of our leading colleges includes among its requirements "two courses in English". And these, it appears, may be so chosen by the student as to exclude the following users of his own language: Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Malory, Sidney, Marlowe, Jonson, Herrick, Pope, Swift, Boswell, Franklin, Wordsworth, Keats, Emerson; and others.

This false freedom is quaintly allied with false authority. The instructor is under an almost irresistible temptation to play Sir Oracle. The course-system throws him, instead of the master-minds of human history, to the centre of the stage. To be sure, he himself may be a master-mind, but even so, he is too singularly obtrusive. His students have to study, not just his course, but him. He, in a considerable measure, *is* the course. His views and ways are abnormally important. Normally he should be a bas-relief on a wall of the temple of learning. But the System makes him Apollo above the altar. If his personality seems worshipful to the undergraduates, they will tolerate the fact that his subject may be (symbolically speaking) "The Nature and the Habits of the House-Mouse". They will soothe their intellectual consciences by taking at the same time a course by an unattractive instructor in some field that seems to them of central importance, such as "The History of American Commerce". The fact is that the course-idea has become a kind of disease, a dipsomania, on the part of instructor and student. Both have a strong course-thirst. They are very suspicious of spring water, of refreshing and nourishing knowledge that one may find for oneself by the wayside, unbrewed, unbottled, and undelivered. Education is a thing of ritual, of esoteric packages. The professor is Apollo incarnate—in the form of an oracular bootlegger.

His attitude towards his courses, after he has given them for some years, is apt to be jealously provincial. Better prepared instructors must not be allowed to intrench upon his "field". Useful reforms in the curriculum must be opposed if they would cut off a few of his regular class-hours. Like the bullfrog in a small pond, he feels that *all* the croaks he utters are of equal value, or at least that every one of them ought to "register". Sometimes an outstanding scholar, particularly in a university-college, will even try to crush, in his own and allied departments, all methods and viewpoints that are out of harmony with his own. To such a depth may a bad system lower a gifted person. As for Sir Oracle's attitude towards his students, it is unnatural and uneven. He may tyrannize over them in a required course because they cannot escape him, and flatter them in an elective course because they can. Or, reversing these rôles, he may love to show that a course, though required, may be luscious or, though elective, severe. The severity, however, is generally more assumed than real, and quite consistent with skilful cajoling. Flattery of the students, in one form or another, and perhaps as a rule quite unconscious on the part of the instructor, is probably the worst evil in our colleges today. It is far more cruel than the old-time severity which it has displaced. For the undergraduate is peculiarly helpless before it, and it may distort his sense of values and canker his happiness for years to come. Flattery, conceit, and jealousy are especially poisonous in the academic realm because, being there considered very bad form, they are likely to be unconfessed and called by other names.

These evils, though certainly not created by the present system, have flourished under it. Now, how may the American college re-establish and carry forward her true intellectual self? Certainly not by a rigid return to the old curriculum, or a slavish imitation of foreign models, or a total abolition of lecture-courses, or any other extreme measure that contravenes the spirit of organic and well-tempered growth for which the college stands. She must proceed from where she now is, trying to conserve whatever gains she has made during the past fifty years, her new assiduity and alertness together with the best features of the course-system. But this system, as such—*delenda est.* The year-course, as sovereign unit, must be deposed. This will take time. The college has to be fair to vested interests, to her present instructors and their departments. A department, incidentally, may be defined as a group of instructors devoted to a particular subject and convinced that their total work is more important for the college than any other department can possibly understand. It contradicts the very idea of the college as "a society of scholars or friends of learning [see Webster] engaged in common pursuits or having common interests". The secondary school is departmentalized for convenience; the university, for research; and the college for the devil's own sake. The department in its present collegiate form is a pernicious little monster engendered by, and devoted to, its evil parent, the course-system.

The college cannot undo the system all at once, but she can gradually reduce the number of courses and departments to the desired minimum by abetting the efforts of kindly Nature. Whenever a course is ended by the course of Nature, the college can firmly refuse to replace it, despite loud outcries from departmentalized souls who are certain that such and such a field is absolutely essential.

No year-course, from the true collegiate standpoint, can be essential. But a course may be helpful when it conjoins three factors: a humanly significant subject, an excellent lecturer, and a right freedom for the student. These are three rare birds and they rarely flock together. The first is the product of humanity, and the second is the gift of God. The third is the proper hallmark of the college. It means no foolish license and no infantile restraint. It means in the first place that a course, if worthy of existence, is worthy of being prescribed for all the students whom the subject concerns. It means, in the second place, that there shall be no machinery of required attendance, incessant assignments and tests, and the like. This machinery is generally supposed to be necessary in elementary courses, though a belief is gaining ground that it ought to be omitted in the two upper years of the college. But all attempts to divide the college on this basis into upper and lower compartments have proved unsatisfactory and, indeed, are signs of a fatal disunity of purpose. How can a youth win intellectual freedom in his last two years when, in his first two years, his mind has been carefully subjected to infantile paralysis? Not the middle but the very beginning of his college career is the time to wean him, at all costs, from the mental attitude of the secondary school, to throw upon him the responsibility for his own labour, and to begin educating those central human powers so badly slighted by the college today, the will and the judgement.

These powers, however, can best be developed, not in year-courses, but through a four years' grappling on the part of the student, under tutorial advice, with a series of human masterpieces. A step in the right direction is the so-called Honours Plan adopted in recent years by the majority of our best colleges, under which an advanced student may substitute private study for a portion of his course-work. Professor Shafer has shown that in most colleges, so far, the plan is timid and hampered. But its possibilities are good. At first it should be confined to the few. In certain important colleges the Honours Plan or something resembling it has been hastily imposed, in our wholesale democratic fashion and with baleful results, upon all the students in all four years. Work of this kind, for reasons given above, cannot be heartily successful unless a beginning of it is made near the beginning of the undergraduate's career. Nor should it be directed, as it generally is at present, upon a single "subject"—a swath of knowledge mowed out by modern specialism, so narrow as to omit the most important human objects, and so lengthy as to involve a succession of trivial endeavours. The student should be preoccupied, not with Latin, or English, or French, but with Virgil and Shakespeare and Racine. His "Honours" or "Major" work should centre in honourable and major objects, human masterpieces. And these should gradually be made the central theme, though by no means the sole theme, of the college work as a whole.

The choice and arrangement of masterpieces, in other words the building of a college curriculum, is the proper duty of the Faculty. It should be undertaken more and more adequately as the course-system declines. Year-courses that are allowed to survive should be integrated with the tutorial work (many a poor lecturer, by the way, may become a good tutor), and this work in turn, should be carefully subordinated to the aim of the curriculum as a whole. Here the American college must reject the example of Oxford, whose haphazard methods, while charmingly expressive of English humourism, have fostered in British culture an element of cheap whimsical arrogance (not to add, mental laziness) that is no more desirable than the cheap systematical conceit that we have at home. The American college must retain her regard for system. But she must purge and elevate the system. The energies which she now expends on paltry and interconflicting schemes must be drawn into the service of the college course as a whole. But the curriculum has no chance of winning the loyalty of all the instructors, of rising clearly above their diverse fields and personal devices, unless it has for its very heart and centre a sequence of recognized human masterpieces. It must represent the best human standards in concrete and beautiful form, "the world's best thought and labour". It must insist upon an orderly and advanced knowledge of its subject matter, while in respect of ideas and methods it must encourage the student to exercise his own will and judgement.

The chief obstacle on the road to this goal is the present nature of the preparation of the college teacher. He is trained in and for the university, not for the college. In no other profession in America today is there such a glaring discord between equipment and function. The graduate student in the university is effectually prepared to be ineffective as a collegian, to be a master in his own little field and an amateur in regard to human masterpieces. And since these masterpieces are mostly in the form of literature, the study of literature is suffering peculiarly in our colleges. It is now indeed in a state of progressive decline. The teaching of literary masterpieces decreases both in quality and in quantity. The best undergraduates are more and more alienated from literature, or from the serious study of it. Hence the graduate student of literature is deteriorating and serving to lower, still further, the quality of the college teacher. Here is a vicious circle that has to be broken. This fact has been recently recognized by the University of Iowa which, in its new School of Letters, is trying to enrich the study of literature, to insist on a right familiarity with literary masterpieces, and thus to invest the discredited Ph.D. degree with fresh authority as a proper distinction for a college teacher of literature. But our older universities, in this matter, are afflicted with inbred and self-defensive obtuseness organized with American efficiency. And therefore it is clear that the college, rather than the university, must take the lead. The college must undertake to outline the course of study which she wishes her prospective teachers to have in the university and she must require them to have it, quite irrespective of the courses and degrees required for university teachers.

In this matter the independent college is now in position to take a firm attitude. Our chief institutions of this type have emerged from the struggling stage in which Hyde found them. Owing in good measure to his efforts, their position in our system of higher education is fully established and on a par with that of the university-college. They have acquired considerable means and clientele. And in recent years a number of them have limited themselves to a small size. This is an extraordinary event in our educational history. No doubt it derives in some degree from local complacency and heightens the danger of insular mediocrity. But we trust it means that, in an era of vast material expansion and in a land whose educational institutions are largely devoted to quantity, these colleges are deliberately devoting themselves to quality. They propose to select their teachers and students with increasing care. And since they are already freer than larger institutions from departmental despotisms, they can make special progress towards a true college curriculum. A few of them should in time become strong enough, and clear enough, to restore the requirement of Greek, at least for Honours students, this language being essential to the rich study of human masterpieces. Through better entrance requirements these colleges can gradually rid themselves of school work. At the other end of the line, they can rid themselves of the graduate-school attitude by requiring of their instructors a humane course of study in the university, so far as it is obtainable there. It will be obtainable more and more under pressure of collegiate demands; and the administrators of our independent colleges are now in a strategic position for exerting that pressure. Especially they should require a high arduous quality, instead of a smart and busy quantity, in the preparatory studies of their teachers of literature.

This would be quite in the spirit of Hyde. Yet his actual attitude towards the university preparation of college teachers was not sufficiently decisive. In his essay on President Eliot he declares that Harvard University has "performed successfully the arduous and delicate task of rearing a great graduate school on the broad foundation of undergraduate work without injury to the latter. . . . The graduate school has steadfastly refused to confer the degree of Doctor on any man who has not grasped the subject as a whole as well as developed some special aspect of it. . . . The system is not one which, by concentrating half-trained men almost exclusively on the narrowest of technical investigations, makes failure the rule and success the miraculous exception". These words read ironically today. Were they actually true thirty-five years ago? Or was Hyde indirectly upholding a true ideal which he feared that President Eliot's system, in its further unfolding, might flagrantly violate? A few years later, in 1901, we find him declaring: "Not one applicant in ten for a college professorship is fit for the position for which he applies. The most ominous sign in American education today is the fact that a certain class of institutions are filling up their chairs with men who have indeed met the technical requirements of graduate study, men who are capped in a thesis and gowned in a doctor's degree, but who lack the grasp of their subject as a living, growing whole."

Today that "ominous sign" has become a fatal reality, sapping the life from collegiate scholarship, particularly from the study of literature, and quite subversive of the great conception of the college that Hyde strove to establish. In his admirable essay on *The College* (1904) he urges that the chief aim of the true college is not "mental training" nor "specialized knowledge". The function of the college is "liberal education—the opening of the mind to the great departments of human interest; the opening of the heart to the great spiritual motives of unselfishness and social service; the opening of the will to opportunity for wise and righteous self-control. Having a different task from either school or university the college has developed a method and spirit, a life and leisure, of its own." It aims to take well-trained youths from the school and send them, "either on to the university or out into life, with a breadth of intellectual view no subsequent specialization can ever take away, a strength of moral purpose which the forces of materialistic selfishness can never break down".

Mr. Selfridge's Solution

GREGORY MACDONALD

MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE has informed the Boston Conference on Retail Distribution that both in England and in America there are too many shops. Thus, the population of the two countries, when divided by the number of stores and shops, allow only about eighty customers each; but the large and very large stores take from the whole much the greater share of the possible daily customers, so that hundreds of thousands of small shops could expect the daily custom of about seven or twelve families, no more. There are too many stores and shops; there are too many men trying to sell to those too many shops too much merchandise; there are too many people knocking at the doors of those stores begging for work. Was it not, he asked, perhaps a practical proposition to put a limit on the number of retail businesses which should be licensed and thus take one step in relieving the country of a heavy over-supply?

The proposition is definitely a practical one. It would, of course, restrict the market of consumption by taking the occupation away from many small shopkeepers, their employees, and the travellers who call on them; though Mr. Selfridge was kind enough to point out that most of those inexperienced managers or owners were attempting to do work for which they were unfitted either by temperament or ability. It would also increase the numbers of people knocking at the doors of the licensed shops, begging for work—an extra commissionaire or two could deal with that. But it would be an eminently practical scheme in so far as it would allow fewer and bigger shops to have more customers without all the fuss and bother of competition.

Mr. Selfridge even added one or two details of his scheme. The licensing of business and the consequent half-closing of the gate through which now anyone could pass and crowd still more an already overcrowded activity would be a help, but the licensing body could only act efficiently if made up of a board of merchants entirely free from the deadening hand of politics or of any Governmental association or control. "The surplus of shops", he said, "is an uneconomic proposition. A possible remedy is a reversion to the old guild system under which no person could enter into a business either as proprietor or employee without the official sanction of the particular guild."

Here Mr. Selfridge makes a significant statement, and his plea for a reversal to the guild system may well become historic. Carried into practice it would, however, have the effect of increasing rather than decreasing, the number of shops. First of all, the large stores would be forced to close down, for it was always strictly seen to by the guilds that various trades should be kept distinct. Butchers could not also be cooks. A baker could not also be a clothier. The modern department store, with its cooks and butchers and bakers and haberdashers all jumbled up together is the very antithesis of guild ideas. The usual practice was for the cordwainers, the tanners, the butchers and so on, to congregate according to their trade or craft along certain streets. This meant that they could be more easily supervised—for the quality of the goods sold was considered important*—and the mediæval housewife had no farther to walk from street to street than the modern housewife from department to department.

Not only would the revival of the guilds do away with the large stores (and chain-stores subsidiary to them); it would also curtail the powers of those who live by exchange. Mr. Selfridge, say, retains his fabric department and becomes a licenced clothier, a member of the guild, in accordance with his very practical proposition. He will be a member of an association of which the object will be to ensure a fair price to the consumer and a fair reward to the seller; consequently any attempt to forestall the market by buying cheap or in great quantities and selling dear, or more cheaply than others, will be opposed. Instead, all buying and selling will be conducted openly, and any member of a guild will be able to claim a share of a bargain made by one of his fellows; or the members will make common bargains as a guild and share the profits. This, it may be noticed, will ensure better prices for primary producers, who are often at present the leonine victims of the large establishments. They will defend their own interests by forming associations within their craft. Mr. Selfridge will thus do away with the present distinction between the few men who supply capital plus energy, ability, foresight, vision, temperament, and sanctifying grace, and the many who work for them on wages or, worse still, knock at their doors vainly begging for work to do. "The essence of the guild system", notes a modern historian, "lay in the control of industry by the industrial workers themselves, through an elected authority appointed by them. In the capitalist system, on the other hand, this control is transferred to men who stand outside the ranks of the industrial workers, and are frequently in conflict with them." It will be the best safeguard for Mr. Selfridge's new system to take care that craftsmen and merchants are not members of separate guilds, but share common interests.

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* Lord Snowden recently wrote: "Japan's commercial success is due to her adaptability to the needs of the markets." "For the countries with a low purchasing power she produces an attractive cheap article of such a low quality that the British manufacturer says he would be ashamed to make it." An indignant Manchester merchant replied in the same paper: "This statement shows an appalling ignorance of the actual conditions and is completely incorrect. Manchester today is making cotton goods from 1½d. per yard upwards and of qualities which are actually inferior to those sold by Japan." "Callisthenes", the writer of the advertisements for Selfridge's, commented: "It is futile for a man to manufacture above his market and for a Store to offer the public not what they want but what they ought to want. Purchasing power in the world rises and falls, and the firm which would give good service (and there is no other road to economic soundness) must not be 'ashamed' to study the income of its customers. It must not insist on supplying an article which will last two years when the customer wants one that will last two months."

These common interests will be many. If Mr. Selfridge is sick, he will be visited and supplied with necessities. If he falls upon evil days he will be granted a loan out of the community chest. If he dies poor he will be buried handsomely at the expense of the guild, bread and beer being distributed to other poor men on that occasion. And if Mr. Selfridge prospers he will not neglect to work magnificently for the public good by erecting market-crosses, adorning the municipal buildings, paving streets, providing gates, quays, bridges, wharves, harbours, sluices, and aqueducts.

Mr. Selfridge's proposal to revert to the old guild system might be elaborated at much greater length. In essentials the proposition is practical. Undoubtedly it will mean an increase in the number of shops, but Mr. Selfridge himself remarks upon the fact that at present a few large stores engross the trade of many small shops, so what he would desire is really a matter of adjustment. Indeed, something like Mr. Selfridge's idea has already been put forward by another outstanding figure of our day:

> The demand and supply of labour divides men on the labour-market into two classes, as into two camps, and the bargaining between these parties transforms this labour-market into an arena where the two armies are engaged in combat. To this grave disorder which is leading society to ruin, a remedy must evidently be supplied as speedily as possible. But there cannot be question of any perfect cure, except this opposition be done away with, and well-ordered members of the social body come into being anew, vocational groups namely, binding men together not according to the position they occupy in the labour-market, but according to the diverse functions which they exercise in society. For as nature induces those who dwell in close proximity to unite into municipalities, so those who practise the same trade or profession, economic or otherwise, combine into vocational groups. . . . True and genuine social order demands various members of society joined together by a common bond. Such a bond of union is provided on the one hand by the common effort of employers and employees of one and the same group joining forces to produce goods or give service; on the other hand by the common good which all groups should unite to promote.

It is conceivable that Mr. Selfridge had some such idea as this at the back of his mind.

Still Rebels, Still Yankees

II. *Brother Jonathan of Vermont and Cousin Roderick of Georgia*

DONALD DAVIDSON

BROTHER Jonathan lives in Yankeetown—for a place-name is often a "town" in New England, and rarely a "ville" or a "burg" as in the South. He is a wizened little chip of a man, with blue eyes and a bald head, and he looks frail enough for any northwest wind to blow away. But there is not a wind on this planet strong enough to blow Brother Jonathan off his mountain farm. If any wind contrived to do so, he would climb right back again in the matter-of-fact way that Robert Frost describes in *Brown's Descent*—he would "bow with grace to natural law, And then go round it on his feet".

Brother Jonathan is past seventy years, and his wife Priscilla is well over sixty, but between them they still manage to do most of the daily work, in house and field, for a two-hundred-acre farm, most of which is in woodland and meadow. Nathaniel, their adopted son, helps some now and then; but Nathaniel, who is carpenter, mechanic, cabinet-maker, mountain guide, and tax-collector combined, is busy putting up the new house into which he and Sophronia, his wife, will soon move—they are building it extra large, to take in summer boarders. Sophronia helps Priscilla as much as she can, but she has her own small children to look after. Later on, Brother Jonathan hopes to get a twelve-year-old boy from the orphanage, who will do the chores for his keep. But now, Brother Jonathan must be up at daylight to start the kitchen fire and milk the cows. If it is haying-time, he is out in the meadow early with the mowing-machine, which he has sharpened and greased with his own hands, or repaired at his own smithy if it needs repairing. The mower bumps and clicks through the rough meadow, tossing the little man to and fro as he warily skirts the outcrops of stone that will have to be circled with a scythe to get the last wisp of hay.

Later, he changes the patient old horse from mower to wagon and starts in with a pitchfork. It is a sight to see him navigating the loaded wagon from the upper field to the barn, past jutting boulders and through deep ruts. But his pace is easy; he keeps it up all day without undue perspiration or agony, and after supper cuts his wood and milks his cows again in unruffled calm. He does not seem tired or bored. As he milks, he philosophizes to the listening stranger. Yes, times are not what they were, but a man can get along if he will be careful and honest. Foolish people, of course, never know how to manage. The harm all comes from people of no character that do things without regard to common decency. The stars are shining when he takes the pails of milk into the kitchen. Under the hanging oil lamp he reads the *Burlington Free Press* or *The Pathfinder* until he begins to nod.

All the arrangements on Brother Jonathan's farm are neat and ingenious—the arrangements of a man who has had to depend largely on his own wits and strength. The barn is cleverly arranged in two stories, with a ramp entering the upper story for the convenience of Brother Jonathan and his hay wagons, and running water on the lower story, for the convenience of the animals. One well, near the barn, is operated by a windmill; it supplies the stock. Another well, higher up, supplies the house, for Brother Jonathan has a bathroom in the upper hall and faucets in the kitchen. He has no telephone or electric lights. A man can dig and pipe his own wells, and they are finished; but telephone and electric lights, not being home contrivances, require a never-ending tribute to Mammon. He has his own saw-mill and his own work-shop, where he can mend things without losing time and money on a trip to the village. His porch-swing is home-made. His garage, occupied at present by Nathaniel's four-year-old car, contains a carpenter's bench and a small gas engine rigged to do sawing and turning. There are pelts drying on the walls.

The house is built to economize space and retain heat. For all its modest proportions, it is convenient and comfortable. The kitchen is spacious and well-equipped. The pantry and cellar are stored with vegetables, fruits, and meats that Priscilla has put up with her own hands. The dining-room, with its long table covered with spotless oil-cloth, is eating-room, living-room, and children's playground combined. Here all gather after supper: the women with their tatting and embroidery; the lively dark-eyed boy from the village, with his home-made fiddle; a summer boarder or two, or a visiting relative; and always Brother Jonathan with his newspaper. In one corner is a reed organ, on which Brother Jonathan occasionally plays hymns. In another corner is a desk, filled with miscellaneous papers, books, and old magazines. On the walls hang a glass frame containing butterflies, the gift of a wandering entomologist; an 1876 engraving of General Washington being welcomed at New York, with the pictures of all the Presidents, up to Hayes, around the border; and a faded photograph of a more youthful Brother Jonathan with his fellow baggage-clerks, taken in the days when he went west and got a job in Chicago. Brother Jonathan talks of Chicago sometimes, but he never reveals why he, unlike many other Yankees, came back to Vermont.

The temper of the household is a subdued and even pleasantness, which the loud alarms and excursions of the world do not penetrate very far. The progress of Nathaniel's new house; the next morning's arrangements for gathering vegetables and canning; what Brother Jonathan shall say in the speech he is to make at the approaching celebration of the Timothys' golden wedding–such topics take precedence over the epic contentions of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt. Priscilla may go so far as to marvel that anybody can doubt the goodness of Mr. Hoover. Or Brother Jonathan may warm up to politics enough to announce his everlasting distrust for liquorish Al Smith and to confess that, out of firm disapproval for vice, he had once or twice bolted the Republican ticket and voted for the Prohibition Party's candidate. But in the South, he supposes, he would be as good a Democrat as the next one. They are all curious about the South–about Negroes–and whether the Southern people still have hard feelings against the North (on this point they seem a little anxious and plaintive). But the talk soon shifts to the Green

Mountain Boys, from one of whom Brother Jonathan is descended, or to stories of his childhood, when bears were as thick as porcupines are now—he remembers seeing seven bears killed in one tree. In these stories Brother Jonathan may put in a dry quip or two, by way of garnishment. He has a store of homely jokes and extended metaphors, to which he frequently adds a humorous gloss to be sure the stranger gets the point. Then maybe there is a game of anagrams—or on another evening, a corn-roast, with a few cronies and kinfolks from the village, who talk the clipped Yankee-talk that seems, to Southern ears, as pure an English as can be, with little of the twang that dialect stories have taught one to expect.

Brother Jonathan is not dogmatic to the point of testiness, but he is firmly rationalistic on many points. He declares it incredible, for instance, that Catholics can believe in transubstantiation—how can bread and wine *actually* turn into the blood and body of Jesus Christ? Yet oddly enough, Brother Jonathan is neither Congregationalist nor Unitarian, but Methodist, and does not mind repeating the Apostles' Creed, with its formidable references to the Trinity and the resurrection. I am led to suspect that it is not the doctrine but the authority to which Brother Jonathan is temperamentally hostile. He is used to depending on himself; he does not like to be told things. And his independence is of a piece with the whole conduct of his life. Years ago, when a famous local character eccentrically bought up all the surrounding woodland and farm land and turned it into a forest reserve which he bequeathed to a neighbouring college, Brother Jonathan did not sell out. He held on then, he holds on now, with a possessiveness that would be the despair of Communists. He will continue to hold on, as long as trees yield maple syrup—which he will never, never basely dilute with cane syrup—and boarders return summer after summer.

For Brother Jonathan belongs in spirit to the old republic of independent farmers that Jefferson wanted to see flourish as the foundation of liberty in the United States. To conserve that liberty he has his own Yankee arrangements: the "town", which the Southerner had to learn consisted of a village and a great deal of contiguous territory up to the next "town-line"; and the town meeting, at which Brother Jonathan could stand up and tell the government what he thought about it. Of the uses of town meetings Priscilla has something to say, which comes, I reflect, with a little feminine sauciness. A certain individual, she relates, was criticized for not painting the "community house", as he had been employed to do; and when he excused himself on the ground that paint was lacking, his own wife sprang up in the town meeting and cried: "Don't believe a word he says. That paint's setting in the cellar this minute!"

But the Southerner could reflect that such family intimacy might have civic advantages. Brother Jonathan's local government is composed of nobody more Olympic or corrupt than his own neighbours and relations. For him it is not something off yonder, and he visualizes the national government (though a little too innocently) as simply an enlarged town meeting, where good management ought to be a matter of course. In Yankeetown, good management is a matter of course: it maintains a library, it looks after roads, it sees that taxes are paid and well spent. If the State government does not behave, Nathaniel himself will run for the legislature and see that it does behave.

In all this there was much for a Southerner to savour curiously and learn about—as he savoured and learned about the strange food that appeared on Brother Jonathan's table: doughnuts for breakfast, maple syrup on pie and cereal, the New England boiled dinner, the roasting ears that were really roasted in the old Indian fashion. Just as Brother Jonathan's menu suited the soil and the people, so his tidiness and responsibility suited the unobtrusive integrity of his character. With emphasis, one could say: Vermont is upright, vertical, and, even yet, Puritan—why not?

And almost two thousand miles away, with an unconcern about the state of the world that parallels but differs from Brother Jonathan's, Cousin Roderick of Rebelville is achieving another salvation somehow not recorded in the auguries of socialistic planning. Autumn is beginning, the scuppernongs are ripe, and he sends a Negro boy to invite everybody to come over and join him in the scuppernong arbour. In the late afternoon a merry crew gathers around the great vine, laughing and bantering each other as they pick the luscious grapes and crush them against their palates. Sister Caroline is there, with a figure as trim and a wit as lively at eighty as it must have been at twenty. Young Cousin Hector and his wife are there—they are "refugeeing" from the industrial calamity that overtook them in a northern city. And there are numerous other vague cousins and sisters and children, all munching and passing family gossip back and forth between bites. Cousin Roderick's own Dionysian laughter goes up heartiest of all among the leaves, as he moves to and fro, rapidly gathering grapes and pressing them upon the visitors. "Oh, you are not going to quit on us," he says. "You must eat more than *that*. Scuppernongs never hurt a soul." The scuppernong vine, he declares, is a hundred years old and nearly always fruitful. But not so old, never so fruitful, puts in Sister Caroline, as the scuppernong vine at the old place, that as barefoot children they used to clamber over.

Then the meeting is adjourned to Cousin Roderick's great front porch, where one looks out between white columns at sunset clouds piling up into the deep blues and yellows of a Maxfield Parrish sky. Down the long street of Rebelville, between the mighty water oaks set out by Cousin Roderick's kin, after the Confederate War, the cotton wagons are passing, heaped high with the white mass of cotton and a Negro or two atop, and the talk goes on, to the jingle of trace chains and the clop of mule hoofs on the almost brand-new State highway, which is so much better for rubber tires than mule hoofs. Over yonder lives Cousin Roderick's Aunt Cecily, a widow, the single indomitable inhabitant of a stately mansion where economics has not yet prevailed against sentiment. Next door is Uncle Burke Roderick, a Confederate veteran who at ninety still drives his horse and buggy to the plantation each morning; he is the last survivor of three brothers who were named Pitt, Fox, and Burke, after their father's eighteenth-century heroes. All around indeed, are the Roderick kin, for Cousin Roderick, whose mother married a Bertram, bears the family name of his mother's people, a numerous clan who, by dint of sundry alliances and ancient understandings, attend to whatever trivial matters need attention in the community affairs of Rebelville, where Jefferson's "least government" principle is a matter of course. Before supper, or after, some of the kinfolks may drop in, for there is always a vast deal of coming and going and dropping in at Cousin Roderick's.

As he takes his ease on the porch, Cousin Roderick looks to be neither the elegant dandy nor the out-at-elbows dribbler of tobacco juice that partisans have accredited to the Southern tradition. He is a fairly tall, vigorous man, plainly dressed, with the ruddiness of Georgia sun and good living on his face. His eyes are a-wrinkle at the corners, ready to catch the humour of whatever is abroad. His hand fumbles his pipe as he tells one anecdote after another in the country drawl that has about as much of Mark Twain and Sut Lovingood in it as it has of the elisions and flattenings supposed to belong to Southern patrician speech. In fact, though he is really patrician (as the female members of his family can assure you) he does not look anything like the Old Colonel of legend, and in spirit he, too, belongs to the Jeffersonian constituency. He has some of the bearing of an English squire, and a good deal of the frontier heartiness that Augustus Baldwin Longstreet depicted in *Georgia Scenes*. He assumes that the world is good-humoured and friendly until it proves itself otherwise. If it does prove otherwise, there is a glint in his eye that tells you he will fight.

Cousin Roderick is the opposite of Chaucer's Man of Law, who ever seemed busier than he was. Cousin

Roderick is busier than he seems. His air of negligence, like his good humour, is a philosophical defense against the dangerous surprises that life may turn up. Really, he is not negligent. He does not work with his own hands, like Brother Jonathan, or his Southern brothers of upcountry and bluegrass; but in the past he has worked a-plenty with his hands and knows how it should be done. On his several tracts of land, the gatherings of inheritance and purchase, are some one hundred and fifty Negroes whom he furnishes housing, food, and a little money; they do his labour—men, women, children together—they are his "hands". He is expected to call them by name, to get them out of jail, to doctor them, even sometimes to bury them when "lodge dues" may have lapsed. They are no longer his slaves; but though they do not now utter the word, they do not allow him to forget that he has the obligations of a master.

As Cousin Roderick makes the "rounds" of his fields—no more on horseback, as of old, but in a battered Chevrolet—he sets forth his notions of economy. As for the depression, that is no new thing in Rebelville. People here have got used to ruination. After the Confederate War came Reconstruction; after Reconstruction, Tom Watson and the Populist turmoil of the nineties; a while later, the peach boom, and its collapse; then the Florida boom, with its devastations; and now, this new depression. Like most of his kin, Cousin Roderick has simply retreated into the old plantation economy. He tells how, when he was a young fellow, just beginning to take charge, his father came out to the plantation one day and asked for a ham. Cousin Roderick explained that hogs were up to a good price; he had sold the entire lot, on the hoof, and had good money in the bank. "Sir," said the old man, "let me never again catch you without hams in your smokehouse and corn in your crib. You've got to make this land take care of itself." "And that", says Cousin Roderick, "is what I aim to do." From the land he feeds his own family, the hundred and fifty Negroes, and the stock. Whatever is left, when taxes and upkeep are deducted, is the profit. Anything that grows, he will plant: asparagus, peaches, pecans, onions, peppers, tomatoes, and of course the great staple crops, grain, hay, and cotton. Especially cotton, for no matter how low the price, cotton is money. It is ridiculous, he thinks, to talk of getting people who are hard-up for money to reduce cotton acreage. For his part, Cousin Roderick intends to make every bale his land will produce. But if cotton fails, he still can sell cattle, or cabbage, or timber from his baronial holdings. Land is the only abiding thing, the only assurance of happiness and comfort. He wants more land, not less.

One suspects that Cousin Roderick, however hard-pressed he may be at the bank, is fundamentally right. If he is not right, how does he manage, in these times, to keep a daughter at college, and entertain his friends, and keep a cheerful face before the world? The portraits of his ancestors, looking down from their frames above great-grandfather's sideboard or his wife's new grand piano, eternally assure Cousin Roderick that he is right. They won this Eden of sandy earth and red clay, where all things grow with a vigour that neither winter nor drouth can abate. Not soon, not soon will their son give it up.

To the designs of experts who want to plan people's lives for them, Cousin Roderick gives no more than the indulgent attention of a naturally kind-hearted man. He reads the anxious thunderings of the young men who reproduce, in the *Macon Telegraph*, the remote dynamitical poppings of the *New Republic*, and is unmoved; the young men are like the mocking-bird who sat on the cupola of the courthouse while court was in session and so learned to sing: *Prisoner-look-upon-the-jury! Jury-look-upon-the-prisoner! GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!* It is a little incredible that so much planning should need to be done. Don't people know how they want to live? As for politics, long since it became tawdry and uncertain. Politics is for lawyers. Cousin Roderick would no more think of running for the legislature than he would think of moving to China. In that, perhaps, he lamentably differs from his ancestors. But in Rebelville political action is generally no more than a confirmation of what has been talked around among the clans. If you really want things done, you speak quietly to Cousin So-and-So and others that pass the word to everybody that counts. And then something is done.

In Rebelville the politics and economics of the bustling world become a faint whisper. All that matters is to see one's friends and relatives and pass from house to house, from field to field, under Georgia skies; to gather at a simple family dinner where only three kinds of bread and four kinds of meat are flanked by collards, sweet potatoes, corn, pickles, fruits, salads, jams, and cakes; or at a barbecue for fifty or more, for which whole animals are slaughtered and, it would seem, entire pantries and gardens desolated; or to sit with the wise men in front of the store, swapping jokes and telling tales hour after hour; or to hunt for fox, 'possum, coon, and quail, in swamp and field; or (for the ladies) to attend meetings of U.D.C.'s, D.A.R.'s, and Missionary Societies; or church service, or district conference, or the tender ceremonies of Confederate Memorial Day, or the high-school entertainment; or to hear the voices of Negroes, sifting through the dusk, or the mockingbird in moonlight; or to see the dark pines against sunset, and the old house lifting its columns far away, calling the wanderer home. The scuppernongs are gone, and cotton is picked. But already the pecans are falling. And planting begins again while late roses and chrysanthemums are showing, and, even in the first frosts, the camelias are budding, against their December flowering. What though newspapers be loud, and wars and rumours threaten—it is only an academic buzzing, that one must yet tolerate for manners' sake. Sowing and harvest go together, and summer runs into winter, and in Georgia one is persuaded to take the horizontal view.

By some it may be said that dark clouds hang over Yankeetown and Rebelville—clouds of menace, maybe of destruction. I do not deny their presence, but my story is not of such clouds. In this strange modern world it may be observed that men talk continually of the good life without producing a specimen of it, to convince an inquirer. Brother Jonathan and Cousin Roderick do not talk about the good life. They lead it. If government is intended to serve human interests, what does it propose to do about them? If science is really intelligent, what does it mean by conniving to put a stigma upon them or to destroy them? I cannot believe that a government or a science which ignores or depreciates them is very trustworthy. I believe that government and science will fail unless they are taken into account. They, and others, are the incarnations of the principle of diversity through which the United States have become something better than Balkan, and without which the phrase "my country" is but a sorry and almost meaningless abstraction.

Mr. Lewisohn Interprets America

DOROTHEA BRANDE

NOT long ago in actual years a number of the young writers of these states became simultaneously agitated about the dearth of genius and the poverty of art in our country. With praiseworthy earnestness they set about altering conditions so that genius might flourish here. It was not the first period in the history of the world which had produced no genius of the first order for some two or three hundred years; men of major genius do not arise according to any predictable periodicity. Nevertheless, since it seemed to her young literati so humiliating a fact that America had not made her addition to the roster of the world's great names, although she had celebrated the fourth centenary of Columbus's landing in the closing years of the nineteenth century, with an enterprise which was truly even though somewhat ludicrously American, they set about enriching America's soil so that any seed of genius might take root and flourish in it.

That their ideas had the stale novelty which characterizes most current critical and educational thought, that with the sole addition of the vocabulary of the "new psychologists" the set of notions with which we were so impressively presented were the off-scourings of the unsound romantic French, German, and English ideas of the century and a half before, were facts which were not apparent to the intellectual parvenus who made up the reading-public of these young men. An enormous acclaim greeted the efforts of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks to find "a usable past" for those of our generation, of Mr. Randolph Bourne to arouse an intellectual revolution, and of Mr. John Dewey to establish subjectivism from kindergarten to college.

This wild acclaim of silly notions was not surprising. By following their recommendations one could appear a full-grown critic with no further preparation for the task than a set of opinions, impulsively arrived at, put down in a psycho-analytical jargon which was already at the disposal of any newspaper-reader. Overnight we had a whole school of new critics applauding, furthering, and recommending each other's work. No one who was alive in the twenties is likely ever to forget the stirring days of our "Intellectual Renaissance". But the American genius yet tarried.

By the thirties those rousing days had begun to appear a little tarnished. Mr. Bourne was forgotten, Mr. Brooks was silent, Mr. Dewey was being taken more seriously by newspaper readers than by philosophers. *The American Mercury* had not its old bracing tone, although Mr. Mencken continued in its pages to appreciate music justly and severely, while trying to foist off on those who looked to him for literary judgements the *Poet and Peasant* of Mr. James Branch Cabell, the *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith* of America's literary Bizet.

The palmy days of the "Renaissance" were over, but each publishing season sees attempts to galvanize it into life again. One of the most notable of these attempts here concerns us, in the nature of a second wind for one of those who shaped the earlier period: Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's *Expression in America*, published last year, and its companion anthology, *Creative America*, just issued.* The earlier book was heralded with something like hysteria—doubtless aggravated by nostalgia. Six hundred pages devoted to the literary history of our country! Explaining to us the reasons for our literary poverty; heartening us by calling to our attention tenuous excellences which we had, in our despair, overlooked; ending on a high note of hope! And in words which (although barbarous) we could all understand! Mr. William Soskin declared that "The shrill voices of the literary faddists fade into an embarrassed silence as Lewisohn booms forth his literary judgements. *Expression in America* is the most important book on American art offered to the American people in a number of years". Mr. Seldes "cannot think at the moment of a story of American literature which comes within a hundred miles of this in stature and scope". It was "the best and most interesting book of criticism of American writing" Mr. Franklin P. Adams had ever read. Mr. Rascoe will turn over the book to his son "with the suggestion that he can toss all the other books on American literature into the ash can", and Mrs. Paterson finds it "the finest volume of American criticism to date, stimulating, admirable, even noble". Mr. Charles Hanson Towne would have us thank Mr. Lewisohn on our knees.

* EXPRESSION IN AMERICA *by Ludwig Lewisohn* (HARPER'S. 624 pp. $4.00).
CREATIVE AMERICA *compiled by Ludwig Lewisohn* (HARPER'S. 749 pp. $4.00).

It would be a naïve soul today who could be misled by this "Brekekekex" of the newspaper critics into believing that Mr. Lewisohn's book would truly lead him forth into new and starry adventure. But not the wariest could expect the overflowing absurdity of *Expression in America* and *Creative America*. From misquotation to misquotation, over error after error, through misapprehension simple and misapprehension compound, Mr. Lewisohn flits on, intent on his "revaluation of the past in the terms of the present", using for that purpose "the organon or method of knowledge associated with the venerated name of Sigmund Freud". Yes, that is the treat the critics had in store for us when they sent us breathless to this epoch-making book! At last, at last, a history of American literature written in that bastard jargon which is the language neither of criticism nor of the psychiatric clinic, but a dreadful compound which will not even exist for "revaluation" by a Lewisohn of the future.

It is impossible to discuss soberly tomes based on the fallacy that the "modern man" must have the art of the past "revaluated" for him before it can be absorbed or appreciated. If such were truly the case there could be no enduring work of art, and the word "genius" would be meaningless. Nevertheless the books are significant, and their reception is significant. Are true scholarship, true criticism, true—although the very word is in disrepute—nationalism in so grave a state of decline that there is no one to rise and say, not indeed to Mr. Lewisohn and his upholders, but to the young men and women who are forming their tastes and opinions today, "Do not accept this book; its judgements are eccentric and personal; its scholarship is faulty; its author is incapable of comprehending your people"?

It seems that today such words cannot be said. The critic who utters them, no matter how soberly and advisedly, will be called a sneerer, a conservative, an anti-Semite—as though stupidities of the sort that abound in *Expression in America* were never written except by the members of Mr. Lewisohn's race. That they come to us oftenest and in their most extreme form from Jewish writers cannot be denied; unhappily, whatever their origin, they have penetrated the ideas of every race within our borders. By some incomprehensible rule of contemporary sportsmanship, we must be supinely complaisant while a Mr. Lewisohn reiterates his nonsense, and often offensive nonsense, about America and Americans. We may not protest; Mr. Lewisohn may say, and be applauded for saying, "Love, friendship, and so passion and creation being inaccessible to them, Emerson and Thoreau took to nature and metaphysics and morals. . . . I am not seeking to belittle them. That they were chilled undersexed valetudinarians, deprived of helpful sympathetic social and intellectual atmosphere, renders their achievement only the more remarkable".

Expression in America abounds in these touches; every reticence as well as every insufficiency in our literature is explained by Mr. Lewisohn as the result of sexual timorousness and impotence. The word "flight" can be found on every other page of the six hundred and twenty-four. That this continent was not discovered, this country not founded nor defended by a race of emasculate and "neurotic" weaklings should be self-evident. Because our forefathers were for the most part honest, sober, and industrious; because their Yea was Yea and their Nay, Nay; because they would not exceed their meaning by so much as a syllable (and so, we may concede, fell into excess's contrary error, understatement), a race of interpreters like Mr. Lewisohn can now say, and remain unrefuted, that they were not men. Their descendants are not, if they continue to listen with patience to this critic who applauds Goethe's senile amorousness as "that high impassioned effort of nature to transcend itself and actually once more [light] the creative torch on the brink of mortality," while he discourses on America's literary plight.

Well, let us show once more the New Englanders' colours, if distaste for this febrile sexuality must be explained as but a symptom of New Englandism. There are innumerable other charges to bring against the book. Will the scores of picayune errors, of which "Rémy" de Gourmont and Paul Elmer "Moore" are samples, be accepted as evidence that Mr. Lewisohn is not perfectly equipped for his self-appointed task? If that is too minor, what shall be said of a man who condescends to Irving Babbitt, and yet speaks again and again of Babbitt's massive work of genuine criticism as *Rousseau and Rousseauism*?

But on his own terms, where, presumably, his defenders must look to find him perfect, he is laughable. Here are a judgement on Melville, some quotations from Melville, and Mr. Lewisohn's tag to them.

> . . . Yet it must be pointed out that in prose of the first order one can never, as here, pick out pentameters:
> "kindly diffused through feebler men's whole lives . . .

"great hearts sometimes condense to one deep pang . . .
"though summary in each one's suffering. . . ."

Thus the quotation; let those among his admirers who can scan, operate on Mr. Lewisohn's comment: "Such are the finest things in Moby Dick"!

Yet we all write good prose today, says this author. "It is no longer remarkable, as it was in earlier ages, to write merely correctly or agreeably or with superficial elegance. We take for granted all that"; and a little later he baits Professor Brander Matthews for "writing and proofreading" an atrocious sentence. Now here are a few sentences at random which have been written and proofread by Mr. Lewisohn, in which the instructed ear will be at a loss to find, sometimes correctness, sometimes agreeableness, or ever superficial elegance:

> Children, like Emerson's own small son Waldo, died in great numbers. . . .
>
> I have not the skill wholly to integrate experience with expression in his case. . . .
>
> . . . It will be very clear that the experiment in human life and human culture which is called America has not been an inarticulate one. If it has sometimes seemed so to be, the reason for that was to be sought in the timidity of those historians who closed the chronicle of American art near the beginning and were unwilling to admit that the stream of our literature has broadened and deepened continuously with the increasing years. But such has indeed been the case and especially among literatures of the twentieth century that of America stands on a level with the strongest and with the richest in creative values.

Again, perhaps it is unimportant that the author of *The Last Days of Shylock* should say of Longfellow's use of Dante: "Thus the artificer always treats or leans upon the common stock of existent ideas and emotions"; but is it not at least an inconsistency which he or his admirers should be alert to explain? Is Mr. Lewisohn a critical god that he should be regarded as always inspired and just, beyond question even when he is unintelligible?

It would not be true to say that no illumination came to me in the days spent in reading these two volumes. I had, indeed, an experience so sharp, so vivid, so personal that if I were able to convey it well it must surely wring approval from Mr. Lewisohn himself. Undoubtedly I shall fail, but I must try:

In the pages devoted to excerpts from his own work in *Creative America*, Mr. Lewisohn quotes from *The Case of Mr. Crump* a chapter which he entitles "A Musician's Childhood". Herbert, the hero, is a boy growing up in the South. "Sunday afternoons were quiet and drowsy", and every Sunday the boy listens to a chant which comes from the Afro-American church across the way.

> And whatever else was going on in the church, even during the early sermon whenever the preacher's voice was tired and fell, the congregation chanted a single chant. Sunday after Sunday the congregation chanted that chant, year in and year out. All through Herbert's childhood and boyhood he heard that melancholy chant. . . .
>
> It was a very simple chant that the Negroes across the street so tirelessly chanted. When Herbert was about fifteen it suddenly occurred to him one Sunday afternoon that the chant must not be lost. He wrote it down, jotted it down quite simply without any bass. And in that simple first version of his boyhood it looked like this. . . .

Here Mr. Lewisohn gives two lines of music.

"The chant must not be lost"! That "chant" which filtered into the knowledge of Mr. Lewisohn and Mr. Lewisohn's little hero through the hymn-singing Negroes on Sunday afternoons was in no danger of being lost. It will never be lost while any descendant of a New Englander lives. Mr. Lewisohn need not preserve it for us, though we thank him for recognizing its beauty. We thank him, although in its transmission to him through the Negroes it has lost its sweet ending. For the true version of *The Rose of Sharon* ends on a third, hauntingly lovely, instead of flatly on *do*, as in this odd but still recognizable variation, come back to us after wandering such devious ways. We will gladly let it furnish his hero "with the ground-work of the thematic material of the tone-poem 'Renunciation' with its motto from Goethe, 'Entsagen, sollst du, sollst entsagen' ". But must we pretend that we are hearing it for the first time, or hearing it aright, when we meet it in this twice-corrupted form?

As in those bombastic, presumptuous sentences about the "Negro chant", so again and again in these two books: here are volumes condescendingly filled with the words of our people, purporting to bring to us an unappreciated treasure. These words, these ideas, filtered through an alien mind, do certainly still bear upon them some trace of their original intent, do remotely testify, for all the warping, distorting, and falsifying of their meaning, to the early presence in this country of a strong and intelligent race. *Entbehren sollst du: sollst entbehren.* Mr. Lewisohn was moved. Here, too, he would preserve for us, and for more recent comers to our shores, what was never in danger of dying out. Although he did not understand it, although it comes almost unrecognizably back to us, he was instant to serve us, so that our literature "might not be lost". But there are those of us to whom his service is supererogatory, for there are still men and women in America who learned to read in their fathers' libraries, as they had from their mothers the true air of "By cool Siloam's shady rill".

Hervey's Memoirs

ROBERT SHAFER

ANYBODY who does not find Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* absorbingly interesting, almost throughout their thousand odd pages, needs to be examined. I say "almost throughout their thousand odd pages", because a few passages are fusty enough—some second-hand accounts of foreign affairs, for example, and a disquisition on the history of Sicily—but these may quickly be passed over. And the remaining nine hundred and fifty pages, or thereabouts, are extraordinary. These *Memoirs* are, indeed, quite without parallel in English literature; and their publication, for the first time in their entirety and without deviation from their author's manuscript, was easily the most important event of its publishing season.*

John Hervey was born in 1690. His father was a member of an ancient Suffolk family and was the first Earl of Bristol. He married two heiresses. By the first he had one son and two daughters. By the second, Elizabeth Felton, who through her mother belonged to the great Howard family, he had seventeen children, of whom John was the eldest. The boy was sent to Westminster School, and proceeded thence to Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he received his M. A. in 1715. He was never strong, and as he reached his late twenties he was attacked by serious disorders, which were held in check, rather than cured, by a combination of good luck and of the utmost care.* His mother —whom he called Mount Vesuvius, because "from her mouth comes fire and rubbish"—apparently did all she could to make her son effeminate. Lord Bristol thought she wanted "to see him live a shrimp". Between them, these parents did manage to make Hervey an excellent horseman and an expert card player, both at a very early age. In youth and early manhood he was strikingly beautiful in appearance, and something of a sensation was created by his secret marriage in 1720 to Mary Lepel, a maid of honour to the Princess Caroline. Chesterfield and Pulteney, then his friends, joined to celebrate the event in a ballad, declaring:

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* SOME MATERIALS TOWARDS MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE II *by John, Lord Hervey, edited by Romney Sedgwick* (VIKING. 1931. 3 vols.).

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*In 1731 Hervey wrote *An Account of my own Constitution and Illness, with some Rules for the Preservation of Health; for the Use of my Children*. This is printed, for the first time, in an Appendix to Mr. Sedgwick's edition of the *Memoirs*, and is a document of the utmost interest. Mr. Sedgwick obtained from Sir Henry Head a brief but valuable opinion on Hervey's health, which he also prints in the same Appendix. Sir Henry writes that Hervey "must have suffered from some affection of the gall-bladder, probably gall-stones. This would account for the violent pains around the body and lower part of the chest, coming on paroxysmally, and apparently followed by jaundice. . . . The nature of the 'fits' is more difficult to determine, since he himself evidently had the idea that they were epileptic and maintained secrecy with regard to their nature and frequency of occurrence, except in his letters to Fox. They certainly resembled epileptiform attacks in the suddenness of onset and apparently complete loss of consciousness, accompanied by falling. There seems to have been no biting of the tongue and no obvious convulsion. . . . These 'fits' were certainly *not* hysterical in origin, and are completely different from the emotional disturbance which he mentions as sometimes following an unusually severe bout of pain". In 1737 the Duchess of Marlborough, in the course of a description of Hervey, stated that he had "a painted face and not a tooth in his head". Sir Henry "strongly suspects that he suffered from pyorrhoea". Hervey's father ascribed his son's bad health to his use of "that detestable and poisonous plant, tea".

Venus had never seen bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepel.

What is to be thought of her it is not easy to determine. She was well liked, in age as well as in youth. In her later years—she lived until 1768—she wrote many dull letters, which were published in 1821. One contemporary, Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams, wrote a spiteful character of her, which Mr. Sedgwick has been allowed to print, and from which I take the following sentences:

> Nature took great care of her person, but quite forgot her mind, which had this effect, that she was of the same mind with every person she talked to. If she did not understand 'em she still assented with a smile. In which she dealt much, but which in all the years I knew her never grew to a laugh. She was what was reckoned well bred, civil to flatness, and flattering to be quite fulsome. All the distinction she made in company was in giving the preference of her attention to the person of the highest rank. . . . She talked much commonplace stuff that had nothing in it, and gave you entertainments without any victuals. She smiled without joy and cried without sorrow. Incapable of love and ignorant of friendship, affected in every word, motion, and (I believe) thought, she was a fine lady, and would not have had you thought for the world she was good for the only thing she excelled in, which was being an excellent economist. . . . Her total, real indifference to mankind has hindered her ever having a lover. For I am sure it was not her love to her Lord prevented her; he not suffering her to be upon such an equality, for many years last past, as produces that passion in its true light.

Mr. Sedgwick, while quite alive to the spiteful quality of Hanbury-Williams's characters of both Lord and Lady Hervey,* thinks there may be enough truth in the latter to explain the fact that Hervey rapidly lost interest in his wife. Nevertheless, she lived on good terms with him to the end, bore him eight children, and is said to have been an admirable mother. This can have been no easy achievement, for the children inherited some at least of those troublesome characteristics which gave rise to the often-repeated saying that "this world consisted of men, women, and Hervey". In 1723 Hervey's elder half-brother, Carr, died, leaving him heir to the earldom. As his father outlived him, John's eldest son became the second Earl of Bristol, and his second and third sons became successively the third and fourth Earls of Bristol. Hervey's only other son became a general in the British army. It was supposed by some contemporaries, and has been supposed by many later, that Carr Hervey, as his one title to distinction, was the real father of Horace Walpole. Mr. Sedgwick would rob him even of this distinction, and not without reason, though he has no new evidence, and seems to think the question simpler than it is.

As a further consequence of Carr's death, Hervey in 1725 was elected a member of the House of Commons, by a corporation in the control of Lord Bristol. He was then too ill to pay much heed to public affairs, but in 1727, at the beginning of the reign of George

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* His character of the former is to be found in *The Life of Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams*, by the Earl of Ilchester and Mrs. Langford-Brooke, 1928, pp. 63-64. Though not without value, it is —aside from its malice—vitiated by Sir Charles's evident lack of more than a very superficial acquaintance with its subject.

II, he exerted himself actively to obtain some government post—succeeding, however, only in getting a pension of £1,000. During a large part of the two following years he was on the continent, chiefly in Italy, for the sake of his health. Mr. Sedgwick says: "The journey to Italy is the turning point in Hervey's career. When he went abroad he was a disappointed and neurotic valetudinarian in a state of nervous breakdown; when he returned in October, 1729, his acquaintances were astonished at the change in his looks, strength, and spirits. He himself does not attribute this improvement to the continental doctors, whom he found if possible less intelligent than English ones, or to the Neapolitan winter climate, which turned out to be even worse than London's. . . . But gradually his health improved and in Florence, where he spent his convalescence, he wrote a poem attributing his recovery to Stephen Fox" (later created, through Hervey's influence, Lord Ilchester, elder brother of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland).

Mr. Sedgwick regards Hervey's opinion as correct, and explains that this friend, who faithfully attended Hervey through all the months of his stay abroad, aroused his love and, moreover, "irresistibly impelled him, in this particular relationship, to visualize himself as a girl". The evidence for this is conclusive, and there can be no quarrel with Mr. Sedgwick's manner of presenting it. There is, however, a real danger that it may be taken to mean much more than appears on the surface—and this would certainly be a grave mistake. Hervey's appearance and manners were extremely effeminate, and were bound to excite remark in his day, as they would now. People, moreover, were then glad, as they are today, to make the most of any opportunity for scandalous suggestions. Hervey seemed to be fair game, and it was generally whispered that he was a pathic. The evidence now published shows that this accusation cannot be dismissed as wholly wide of the mark, but, at the same time, makes it necessary to insist that Hervey's composition was by no means simple, and that other elements entered into it which quite overshadowed this one and kept it, in his case, no more than an unimportant potentiality.

To his enemies, however, the appearances were worth everything, and they did not hesitate to make all they could out of them. Mr. Sedgwick's account of the three great quarrels in which Hervey was involved—and which made him, as he says, an extremely celebrated man—is full, lucid, and the most satisfactory portion of his Introduction. When Hervey returned from Italy in the autumn of 1729 he entered actively into politics as a lieutenant of Sir Robert Walpole, despite an extraordinary effort made by his wife and their intimate friend William Pulteney, later Earl of Bath, to induce him to join the opposition. The consequence was that the friendship between Pulteney and Hervey rapidly cooled. Early in 1731 a pamphlet appeared in which Pulteney was strongly attacked. It was generally, though wrongly, supposed to have been written by Hervey who, Pulteney thought, had now gone out of his way to insult his former friend. He immediately wrote and published a furious and malignant reply, in which, after pretending to wonder who could have written the pamphlet, he suggested that the stylistic evidence—"the little quaint antitheses, the laboured jingle of the periods, the great variety of rhetorical flourishes, affected metaphors, and puerile witticisms"—pointed to some Eton boy, or perhaps to a boarding-school miss. But at last, he continued:

> I was told in great confidence that they were the productions of pretty Mr. Fainlove; but let me beg of you, said he, not to treat the young gentleman with too much severity! *Look at his youth and innocence! He is not made for such rough encounters.* O, by no means, Sir, said I:—*What!* hurt Mr. Fainlove!—*What would the ladies say?*—Nay, you know that he is a *Lady* himself; or at least such a nice composition of the two sexes that it is difficult to distinguish which is most predominant. My friend Horace hath described him much better than I can. . . . Ovid and Ausonius have likewise described such a pretty medley of the masculine and the feminine gender. . . . But though it would be barbarous to handle such a *delicate Hermaphrodite*, such a pretty little *Master-Miss*, in too rough a manner, yet you must give me leave, my dear, to give you a little gentle correction for your own good.

Going on in this vein, Pulteney finally insinuated that "pretty Mr. Fainlove" was guilty of "a certain unnatural reigning vice (indecent and almost shocking to mention)". Hervey at once challenged Pulteney, while stating that he had not written the offending pamphlet, and in the ensuing duel both were slightly wounded. At its conclusion Pulteney, according to a contemporary, "embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising at the same time that he would never personally attack him again, either with his mouth or his pen. Lord Hervey made him a bow, without giving him any sort of answer, and (to use the common expression) thus they parted".

Extant letters written by several contemporaries show that Hervey's reputation was considerably enhanced by this encounter with the leader of the opposition, partly because many had supposed he would not have the courage to fight. There was no question of fighting in his other two celebrated quarrels, though in one of them Pulteney's pamphlet was used in a malicious and nearly successful attempt to blacken Hervey's reputation irreparably through all future generations. This quarrel is still more or less familiar to thousands who know nothing of Hervey except the character of him drawn by the first poet of the age, and placed in the middle of his famous *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. Pope had numbered Hervey amongst his friends when the latter was a young man. Possibly Hervey's successful activity in support of Walpole's administration, immediately after his return from Italy, was a contributing reason for Pope's change of feeling towards him. It is generally assumed that Hervey's friendship for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had mortally offended Pope by wounding his vanity, was another and most important reason—though this assumption really is suggested, illegitimately, by later events, and simply obscures the fact that no one knows exactly why Pope gratuitously attacked Hervey in his *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace*. Lady Mary was "punished", in an infamous manner, in the same poem. She retorted in kind, in a piece entitled *Verses Addressed to the Imitator of Horace*. In one of two simultaneous editions of the poem its authorship was ascribed to "A Lady"; in the other there was no ascription. At the time it was generally supposed that Lady Mary and Hervey had jointly written it. The truth of the matter cannot finally be determined, but the most probable conjecture is that, as was just said, Lady Mary wrote it, and that Hervey merely made the arrangements for its publication. This really accords with Pope's own view, as he expressed it in a letter to Hervey which he promptly wrote, but which, on second thought, he did not venture to publish.* In this he says that at first he made no answer to the *Verses* because:

> I took it for a *lady's* (on the printer's word in the title-page), and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation. For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful bye-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not. I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication; and if I call it yours, my Lord, it is only because, whoever *got* it, you brought it forth.

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* *A Letter to a Noble Lord,* Appendix III, in Vol. 5 of the Croker-Elwin-Courthope edition of Pope's *Works*. Warburton thought the letter "a masterpiece". Dr. Johnson thought it exhibited "nothing but tedious malignity". Courthope held that only Johnson's friendly feeling towards members of Hervey's family could have blinded him to the letter's excellence; but Birkbeck Hill concluded that "tedious malignity" was "a fair description of the letter". Mr. Sedgwick, on the other hand, agrees with Warburton.

This *Letter* was not solely occasioned, however, by the "witty fornication". It was occasioned also by an attack, in the form of a rimed epistle, which Hervey had himself finally written, and which had been imprudently published, without his consent or approval. And though Pope did not publish his *Letter*, but only showed it to some of his friends, he did not forget the injury. Characteristically, he nursed it, and had his spiteful last word over a year later, in 1735, in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*:

> *Pope.* Let Sporus tremble–
> *Arbuthnot.* What? that thing of silk,
> Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
> Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
> Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
> *Pope.* Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
> This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
> Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
> Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
> So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
> In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
> Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
> As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
> Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
> And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
> Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
> Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
> In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
> Or spite, or smut, or rimes, or blasphemies.
> His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
> Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
> And he himself one vile antithesis.
> Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
> The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,

Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.*

The model for this portrait had been created by Pulteney. Pope rather perpetuated the features than invented them, though, of course, he added touches of his own. "Paris" was the name used in the first edition. It was changed to "Sporus" in the second edition published in the same year. Sporus, as Dion Cassius records, was the name of a boy whom Nero caused to be castrated, and whom he used "in every way like a wife". This happy addition to the legend which he used all his genius to render memorable was the poet's own, as was also his picture of Hervey sitting, like Milton's Satan, at the ear of Eve, by whom was signified Queen Caroline.

For Hervey had, in 1730, been appointed Vice Chamberlain to George II, and consequently was a member of the royal household. At St. James's, his "lodgings were just at the foot of the Queen's back staircase". He had, moreover, promptly won the complete confidence of Queen Caroline, and he remained during the rest of her life on terms of peculiar intimacy with her, and also with her daughter, the Princess Caroline. The Queen regarded him rather as a son than as a subject, and he came to be treated, indeed, even by George II, as if he were actually a member of the family. Hence the position he held, though in itself a minor one, became in his hands important. His services, in fact, were invaluable to Walpole, because Queen Caroline, while she lived, was the real sovereign behind George II, and Walpole ruled through her. Hervey's services to Walpole were not confined to the palace, however, but were of great value to him also in parliament and in the world of letters.* He was so capable in debate that in June, 1733, he was called up by writ to the House of Lords, in order that Walpole might be represented there by one who could be trusted to speak for him as intelligently and effectively as the great minister could speak for himself in the lower house. Hervey was content with his position, realizing that no one else could take his place at Court, as long as the Queen lived; but with her death in 1737 the reason for his holding his minor post vanished, and he began, naturally enough, to think he should now be rewarded for all he had done. Walpole recognized the justice of his claims, though he could not act at once. However, in 1740 he brought Hervey into his cabinet as Lord Privy Seal, and this post the latter retained until the downfall of Walpole's government in 1742. His health, never fully restored, was by this time again extremely bad, and he died in the following year, on 8 August.**

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* After reading this, Hanbury-Williams wrote to a friend: "Would a prudent man chuse to engage Mr. Pope? His English may not be grammar, but 'tis intelligible, and his abuse may not be true, but 'tis very lasting." (*Life of H.-W.*, p. 112.)

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* Horace Walpole thought that Hervey's pamphlet's were "equal to any that ever were written" (*Royal and Noble Authors*).

** To the end, he was concerned in remarkable events. Some six months before his death he married his eldest daughter, the Honourable Lepel Hervey, to Lord Mulgrave, heir of the old Duchess of Buckingham, who was a granddaughter of Charles I. When the Duchess died a few weeks later she left Buckingham House—now Buckingham Palace—to Hervey for life. He did not, however, even move into it, probably realizing that his tenure was all too likely to be short.

Hervey apparently began writing the *Memoirs* early in 1733. He kept a journal, and wrote from that. He proposed to write what he knew from his own observation, and what nobody else could know so well; but, to aid the reader, he prefixed to his work an elaborate introduction which is really a general survey of the reign of George II from its beginning in 1727 to the middle of 1730, when he became Vice Chamberlain. From that point he wrote a detailed history which extends to the end of 1737. After his death his manuscript remained in the possession of his family. Its existence became known to Horace Walpole, who mentioned it in his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, published in 1758. It was felt, however, by members of the family that the work could not be published during the lifetime of George III, and it was, in fact, not published until twenty-eight years after his death. It had been, since 1815, in the possession of a grandson of Hervey who became the first Marquess of Bristol, and he, "after destroying and obliterating substantial portions of the manuscript, allowed the *Memoirs* to be published in 1848 under the editorship of John Wilson Croker, with additional alterations and omissions intended to remove 'every expression positively offensive to a delicate mind' ".

The *Memoirs* as first published, and as reprinted in 1884, were thus doubly expurgated; and though Croker was responsible for some of the alterations made for the sake of "delicate minds", Mr. Sedgwick has found, by examination of correspondence preserved at Ickworth—the country mansion of the Herveys—that he was not really free to decide for himself whether or not this further purification was necessary.

Croker did in fact learn, while preparing his edition, that in 1781 a copy of the *Memoirs* had been made, and that this copy had been presented to George IV at some time after 1815. Hoping, if he could find this copy, at least to see the *Memoirs* as they had been written, he communicated with the Duke of Wellington, who was George IV's executor and had his papers, and obtained the Duke's promise to have a search made for the manuscript. It was not found, however—indeed, it is not certain that any search for it was undertaken—yet it had not perished. It remained for Mr. Sedgwick, apparently, to discover that this copy of the *Memoirs* was included amongst the papers of George III and George IV which were returned in 1912 by the present Duke of Wellington to the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle.

The edition recently published is based on a collation of the mutilated original manuscript at Ickworth with the newly found Windsor copy; and it reproduces the latter exactly—save for modernization of spelling and punctuation—and completely. In addition to repairing the changes which Croker made, it contains about one hundred pages of entirely new matter. Hence it is now possible for the first time to read and judge the *Memoirs* in the form in which they were actually written. Unfortunately, however, even the Windsor copy is at one point incomplete. There is a break in the text, in Mr. Sedgwick's first volume, with nothing to show for the period from May, 1730, to the latter part of 1732—although later statements in the *Memoirs* make it evident that Hervey did write this portion of the work. Mr. Sedgwick's opinion, strongly suggested by such evidence as he has been able to collect, is that the missing passage was removed by the first Marquess of Bristol before he sent the copy to George IV, although Lord Bristol did not otherwise mutilate this copy, confining his further work of "purification" to the original manuscript used by Croker.

It seems practically certain that this passage, which must now be regarded as irreparably lost, contained chiefly an account of the events leading up to one of the three great quarrels of Hervey's career, and, of course, an account of the quarrel itself. Two of these celebrated quarrels—the first and third in order of time—have already been discussed. The remaining one was with Frederick, Prince of Wales. Mr. Sedgwick has been able to shed much light on this episode, which at least partially explains Lord Bristol's destruction of his ancestor's account of it, and also Hervey's enduring and unmeasured hatred of the stupid and foolish Prince—and perhaps, if one still thinks the cause disclosed by Mr. Sedgwick insufficient to explain all its consequences, that is only because of a common propensity, noted and justly censured by Hervey himself in the *Memoirs*, in comment upon Walpole's difficulties over a proposed excise bill:

> Those, therefore, who accuse Sir Robert Walpole of want of penetration in not foreseeing the difficulties into which this scheme would lead him, are of that class (and a numerous one it is) who imagine that every event is so little casual, that whatever is, could not have been otherwise; and of course, with equal folly, impute all success to prudence, and all disappointments to indiscretion. But it is not to such fools that I write, though, to my sorrow, it is with such I daily converse—creatures who, though

they laugh at magic, have a faith in a sort of terrestrial astrology (if I may be allowed the expression), and fancy every incident resulting really from accident the necessary consequence of a chain of causes, which every able political astrologer might foresee. And though these refining commentators have a thousand times found themselves in situations both of prosperity and distress, without being able to account how they came there, yet experience teaches them in vain the fallacy of their opinion, and they still continue to impute the success of the prosperous to contrivance, and the miscarriage of the unfortunate to imprudence.

Into the present case, at any rate, imprudence certainly entered, while the ultimate consequences, despite prophecies and first appearances, were not unfortunate. In 1730, when Hervey was made Vice Chamberlain, Frederick was still on good terms with his parents, and Hervey, at the same time that he was beginning to gain the confidence of the Queen, became the most intimate friend of the Prince. It is not impossible that Hervey had some grand design in the back of his mind, imagining that he might be able to hold the royal family together behind Walpole. He was, at all events, deeply chagrined to discover, in December, 1731, that the Prince "is as false as he is silly, and appears everything he is not by turns but wise". The Prince had in fact, despite efforts at concealment, allowed it to become clear that Hervey no longer had his confidence, but was supplanted by George Bubb Dodington, later Lord Melcombe. The Prince had, moreover, at the same time taken for his mistress the Honourable Anne Vane, daughter of Lord Barnard, sister of the first Earl of Darlington, and maid of honour to Queen Caroline. Miss Vane had, until then, been Hervey's mistress. By the following spring it was widely rumoured that the Prince had made Dodington his adviser, in place of Hervey, through Miss Vane's influence. This Hervey himself thought, and it was apparently not so much Miss Vane's desertion of him which aroused his uncontrollable anger, as her success in turning the Prince from him. He proceeded to write an extraordinary letter—which was conveyed to her under the pretence that he was recommending a midwife, as she was then known to be with child—upbraiding her "for her treachery in undermining him with Frederick and threatening that if she did not repair it he would discover what he knew of her and treat her as she deserved".

Actually Miss Vane had had nothing to do with the Prince's change of advisers. He had simply begun to suspect, or had been told, that it could not be to his interest to be in the hands of one who was so much in the confidence of the Queen, and perhaps of the King, as was Hervey. In addition, he was totally unaware that Miss Vane had been Hervey's mistress—although this was commonly known, and it was, indeed, already being whispered that her child would be the child of a triumvirate, Hervey, Lord Harrington, and Frederick. These circumstances contributed to the effect of Hervey's letter, and Miss Vane, when she had read it, had a fit. The Prince had to be told, and saw the letter. As Mr. Sedgwick writes, "Bloodshed nearly ensued; Hervey, according to his own account, was forced to conceal his papers for fear the Prince should destroy both them and him; the whole royal family and Sir Robert Walpole shared Frederick's indignation; and for many months Hervey was in deep disgrace".*

Nevertheless, as the *Memoirs* show, although Hervey and the Prince remained irreconcilable enemies, this turned out to be no disadvantage to the former, but indeed, after a time, rather an advantage. For, as was practically inevitable under the political conditions then obtaining, the Prince and his parents soon began to draw apart from each other and became, themselves, bitter enemies. Thus Hervey's hatred of Frederick became really an additional bond between himself and the Queen. How much this means may better be realized when one reads, amongst the new matter in the present edition, a remarkable paper written by Hervey in which he drew out a detailed parallel between Frederick and Nero, and when one learns that the Queen and the Princess Caroline were "infinitely better pleased with this production of the one and satire on the other than the thing deserved, and made him read it to them so often that, what very rarely happens, the writer grew more tired of reciting his own work than his auditors of hearing it". Upon one occasion the Queen said to Hervey, of her son: "You know as well as I that he is the lowest stinking coward in the world." Not long after, when the Queen and Hervey were standing at a window and Frederick happened to pass by outside, she exclaimed: "Look, there he goes—that wretch!—that villain!—I wish the ground would open this moment and sink the monster to the lowest hole in hell." Nor did her

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***A poem on the episode is printed among the *Works* of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (Bohn Library ed., II, 513). In it Miss Vane figures as a cracked bottle, and the Prince as a puppy.**

feeling change—such were her son's offences in her eyes—even as she approached death. On the contrary, Hervey says, when she talked of dying she sometimes cried out: "At least I shall have one comfort in having my eyes eternally closed—I shall never see that monster again." In fact, Hervey continues:

> She certainly hated him more and expressed that hate in stronger terms if possible in her illness than ever she had done in health. And indeed his conduct at this time deserved she should do so, for all this while that he was outwardly putting on this grief, making these professions, sending these messages, and pretending this great desire to see her, he was sitting in his house in Pall Mall, with some of his trusty favourites (as I afterward learnt from the Duke of Marlborough) railing at his mother, sending private messages every minute to St. James's to know how she did, and saying perpetually: "Well, sure, we must have some good news soon. 'Tis impossible she can hold out long. I think I am a very good son, I wish her out of her pain". And added to speeches of this kind indecent rejoicings, which would have shocked anybody of common humanity to hear, and could only belong to one of the most uncommon barbarity to utter.

If, furthermore, Hervey's quarrel with the Prince proved to be an advantage to him in his relations with the royal family, it also proved to be at least no disadvantage even in his relations with Miss Vane. For he was again upon his former terms with her by the summer of 1734. "The manner of her reconciliation to him," he says, "was from their seeing one another in public places and there mutually discovering that both had a mind to forget their past enmity, and renew their past endearments, till from ogling they came to messages, from messages to letters, from letters to appointments, and from appointments to all the familiarities in which they had formerly lived, both of them swearing that there never had been any interruption in the affection they bore to each other, though the effects of jealousy and rage had often made them act more like enemies than lovers." A year later he writes:

> Lord Hervey and Miss Vane met constantly all this summer once or twice a week. The Prince had taken her a house at Wimbledon where all her servants were, except one old fellow and a maid, who were left in her house in town. This made it easy for her to let Lord Hervey into her house in town unperceived and thither once or twice a week she constantly came to meet him, who used to be admitted as soon as it was dark and go away before it was light.
>
> But the difficulty of getting tea, fruit, and supper at her house made them soon change the scene of their meeting to his lodgings at St. James's, and his wife being gone into France with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond for three months, this coast was quite clear. Miss Vane used to walk thither, Lord Hervey himself letting her in and out; and in this manner they used to pass whole nights together, as little apprehensive of danger as if no eyes had been upon them and that at this juncture it would not have been as convenient to the Prince as destructive to her to have traced this commerce and proved it upon her.
>
> Miss Vane, who had for several years been subject to fits, was at this time extremely ill, and one night when she was in bed at St. James's was taken suddenly with so violent a fit of the colic that in a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions. Lord Hervey in vain to recover

her crammed cordials and gold powder down her throat; her convulsions grew stronger and at last she fell into a swoon that lasted so long he thought her absolutely dead.

What confusion and distress this put his Lordship into is easier to be imagined than described. He did not dare to send for any assistance, nor even to call a servant into the room, for not one was trusted with the secret. What to do he could not tell, nor what would or would not be said when it should come out—and to conceal it was impossible—that Miss Vane was found dead in his lodgings. Whilst he was agitated with these thoughts and apprehensions she came to herself, and by the help of more cordials, more gold powder, and hot napkins to her stomach, he got her up, dressed her, and led her to a chair in Pall Mall, not daring to have one brought to take her up at his lodgings.

But even this accident did not prevent these indiscreet people from exposing themselves in the same manner to the same dangers, or from meeting as frequently as they had formerly done.*

Passages already quoted may serve well enough as examples of the style of the *Memoirs*. Unfortunately, however, it is entirely impossible by extracts to give any adequate notion of their interest and value. The picture they unfold must be seen to be believed, and must be seen in its entirety to be understood. Nowhere else in English literature can one find so full, so intimate, so vivid a revelation of life in the palace, of royal ways and royal character and royal problems. In this field—and it is a field which has peculiar fascinations—Hervey's book stands supreme, and indeed stands almost alone. Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II* come closest to rivalry, but here Walpole makes a very poor second. He had to depend, for one thing, almost entirely upon others, in so far as his material was not matter of common knowledge, whereas Hervey wrote from his own observation and as a participant in the events and conversations which he has recorded. As Mr. Sedgwick says, he did not, like Greville at a later time, even have to listen at the door, "for in the case of most of his revelations he was literally in the room". He had, moreover, an extraordinary aptitude for his undertaking. He realized clearly what he alone could contribute to the history of the period, and though other things crept in, he never lost sight of his true aim, but continued along his own line, a detached, masterly, keen observer to the end, writing about people and problems he thoroughly understood, in a prose which cannot be called perfect, it is true, but which is excellently suited to its purpose.

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* Elsewhere in commenting upon this renewed intimacy Hervey writes: "This was a great indiscretion in both, but much greater in the one than the other, as Lord Hervey on a discovery would only have been much blamed, whilst Miss Vane would have been absolutely ruined. But when two people have a mutual inclination to meet, I never knew . . . any foreign obstacle hinder their accomplishing it."

His book, moreover, is far more than an unmatched picture of life in the palace. For Sir Robert Walpole is an ever-present figure, and one can learn more from Hervey than from all the histories about the ways in which the government of England actually was carried on at the centre, by ministers and by parliament, in this age. This is to say a great deal, but it does not, I think, overstate the case. And as a matter of fact all historians, all writers about the period, have used Hervey, sometimes grudgingly, sometimes abusing him, almost never with adequate acknowledgement, but, nevertheless, have used him, because his work is an unique historical document of the first order of importance. In Morley's *Walpole*, for example, the *Memoirs* are quoted or paraphrased no less than nineteen times–although, it will be remembered, the period they cover in any detail is only five years long–and some of Morley's paraphrases run to a considerable length, one of them, in fact, extending to four and a half pages. Yet in spite of Morley's dependence on Hervey–which he insufficiently acknowledges–he does not succeed in giving so lifelike or so true a portrait of Sir Robert as is to be found in his source. He is, for one thing, too much concerned to whitewash his political ancestor, whereas Hervey laboured under no burden of that kind but simply knew his subject and had, happily, a gift for vivid portraiture.

It is difficult, indeed, to imagine that Queen Caroline could be better known than she may be through Hervey's pages. Probably no one in her own day knew her and understood her so well as he; and we, it is certain, may know her better than Bishop Hare or Bishop Sherlock or Bishop Butler ever did, better than any of her maids of honour or her royal husband ever did, and possibly even better than Sir Robert Walpole did.

And what is true of this well-read, cultivated, strong-minded, excellent Queen is equally true of George II. We see him keeping a mistress, not because he loved her or needed one, but because it was the thing for a man in his position to do; we see him dutifully going to her apartments of an evening, and glad to come away; treating her and everybody else stingily; perpetually snapping at his servants and ministers; dreaming of military glory, and, indeed, personally courageous and a capable commander, while chained to an adviser whose policy was peace; sighing for his beloved Hanover, delighted whenever he was allowed to go there and reluctant to come back; speaking his mind on inconvenient occasions, yet refusing to come to a decision when a prompt decision was important; and imagining—like Johnson's Ned Drugget—that he loved leisure and retirement, though "whenever he tried them he was always uneasy and impatient to return to a circle, and never did retire in order to convince people that he liked it, without convincing himself that he did not, and that he was no more turned to live alone agreeably to himself than he was to live in company agreeably to other people". We hear Hervey saying that His Majesty would not lie, and Walpole answering, "Not often". We hear how he used frequently "to brag of the contempt he had for books and letters; to say how much he hated all that stuff from his infancy; and that he remembered when he was a child he did not hate reading and learning merely as other children do upon account of the confinement, but because he despised it and felt as if he was doing something mean and below him". We see him, through all, and even in the midst of a serious attachment to an enchanting Hanoverian, steadfastly devoted to Caroline; relying on her judgement constantly, though pretending to her, to himself, and to others that he did not, and thinking that he deceived everybody except himself; and, at the end, utterly distraught when Caroline lay dying—yet capable, when she pressed him to marry again, of replying, amidst a passion of tears, "wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word": "*Non—j'aurai—des—maîtresses.*" We even hear Sir Robert and Hervey talking over a letter which the Queen had received from her husband, written almost from the arms of the beautiful Hanoverian, and learn that "they both agreed they had a most incomprehensible master, and (though neither of them were very partial to His Majesty) they also agreed that, with a woman who could be gained by writing, they had rather have any man in the world for a rival than the King. Nor, indeed, in the gift of writing love-letters," Hervey adds, "do I believe any man ever surpassed him. He had the easiest, the most natural, and the warmest manner of expressing himself that I ever met with, with the prettiest words and the most agreeable turns I ever saw put together".

Though we do not hear it from him, we are prepared by Hervey as by no one else to believe and understand it when we learn that the only gift George II ever presented to Walpole was a diamond which, upon examination, proved to be cracked through. The King, in other words, and the Queen, and Sir Robert are still alive in these *Memoirs*. They are not "historic personages", made-up lay figures such as crowd the pages of many histories, but are still clothed in their full humanity, talking, acting, and feeling just as they did two hundred years ago. And though, perforce, there are not many other full-length portraits in the *Memoirs*, there are very many brief ones, characters, which are exceedingly interesting. This, for example, is Hervey's picture of two divines who were the Queen's friends:

The first episcopal promotions that were made in this reign were those of Dr. Hare and Dr. Sherlock to the Bishoprics of St. Asaph and Bangor. The first of these had been tutor to Sir Robert Walpole at Cambridge, title enough to any favour, promotion, or dignity, that could be conferred upon him.

But besides this accidental merit he had personal qualities sufficient to recommend him to any prince, having parts equal to any man and learning both classical and theological, not only superior to any of his brethren on the bench (for that would not be saying much), but to most of his contemporaries.

He was one of the liveliest, strongest, and clearest writers of his time, and knew so well what use to make of it that he very honestly endeavoured to write himself into power by exploding these very doctrines which he had wrote himself into reputation in his younger days by propagating. He was a sort of man that was capable of anything, in any sense of the expression, for as there was nothing that depended upon learning, art, and resolution, that he could not do, so there was nothing where power and interest was depending that he would not do.

He set out in the world a zealous Whig in the State and a heretic in the Church; but ended in the character of a monarchial high-church persecutor and would willingly have given his vote to burn anyone who preached what he once taught and still thought.

He never wrote anything without setting his name to it that anybody would not have been glad to have been thought the author of, yet never published anything with his name that anybody besides himself would have owned; and with all the vehement outcry that he made for the support of the established church and the established Government, he cared no more for King George the Second than for King James the Third and believed no more in Christ than in Mahomet.

Dr. Sherlock was a man of much the same stamp as to policy and principle, with this difference only, that he began the world with the wise notions of hereditary right and *jure divino*, annexed to the mild and honest doctrine of passive obedience in Church and State. But finding the cause of the hereditary title desperate he prudently struck in with the parliamentary one; and as he knew the throne, let who will fill it, was the strongest pillar of the Church he continued still his attachment to the King *de facto*, and contributed all in his power to the support of the Crown and the oppression of the people, concluding that whilst the Church assisted the Crown to keep the people in subjection, the Crown would reciprocally assist the Church to keep them in ignorance. He was personally well with the Queen, to whom he had oftener access in private than anyone of the clergy, the whole body of which, even before she was Queen, she had always cajoled, courted and affected to protect. Dr. Hare had the cruel, sharp, dark-lanthorn, stiletto countenance of an Italian assassin, whereas Sherlock had the bloated, swelled heavy look of an indolent church-glutton. But his look in that particular was as false as his heart and spoke what he was, as little as his lips ever spoke what he thought. He was learned and eloquent and much admired by all parties without being esteemed or depended upon by any. He was hated by the Tories for ceasing to be a Jacobite, and not loved by the Whigs because Jacobitism was the only Tory principle he had renounced.

These were the two men to whose advancement in the Church Sir Robert Walpole, if he did not contribute, at least consented. But in so doing he seemed in ecclesiastical matters to act on very different principles from those of his predecessor in power, Lord Sunderland. For as these two men were perhaps the two ablest in the whole body of the clergy, they were the last that Lord Sunderland would ever have set at the head of them. It was a maxim of his never to put power into the hands of those who knew how to use it; and one which Sir Robert Walpole seemed to steer by in temporal affairs, though he deviated from it in spiritual ones.

Doubtless some who read the above paragraphs will say that these are not characters, but caricatures; and they are, of course, highly coloured and over-simplified, by comparison with methods now in vogue. That, moreover, the methods of Hervey's time and of earlier ages have their dangers, no one would deny; but the so-called psychological analyses that many are fond of nowadays rest, for the most part, upon dubious foundations, and have the great disadvantage of encouraging portraits of endless length, of super-subtle refinement, and of every variety of human being—of encouraging, in other words, pretentious dulness and triviality. From this danger, at any rate, Hervey was free. But he did tend to see things in sharp outline, he had a caustic pen, he lived in the great age of English satire, and without doubt his pictures sometimes ran away with him. Nevertheless, I should without hesitation back the claim that there is more humanity in his book than could be found in a dozen dozen Joyces and Prousts. And unquestionably the better one knows the eighteenth century the more easily credible Hervey's two bishops become. In fact it may be said, in general, that in so far as the *Memoirs* can be checked from other contemporary documents their veracity is amply confirmed.

This, furthermore, as I have already implied, is the tacit verdict of all writers on Hervey's period, from the 1850's to the present day. They have credited his book and have used it freely, sometimes lavishly, while repudiating the author. Professor Thad W. Riker, in his large work on Henry Fox—who served as Hervey's second in his duel with Pulteney—merely followed an established custom when he casually referred to "the dissolute" Lord Hervey; and Thomas Seccombe, a couple of years later, implanted the accepted legend, as firmly as he could, in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, adding some gratuitous inaccuracies in matters of fact. Seccombe took his cue from Lord Rosebery who, in his *Chatham*, had roundly called Hervey a "reptile". G. F. Russell Barker, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was much less prejudiced and wrong-headed, yet he set down Hervey as "a clever and unprincipled man, of loose morals and sceptical opinions". And the trail goes back to Thackeray, who wrote, in 1855, in his *Four Georges*:

> [About Hervey] there is something frightful: a few years since his heirs opened the lid of the Ickworth box; it was as if a Pompeii was opened to us—the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria. Wandering through those godless intrigues and feasts, through those crowds, pushing and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning—I have wanted some one to be friends with. I have said to friends conversant with that history, "Show me some good person about that Court; find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute, gay people, some one being that I can love and regard." There is that strutting little sultan George II; there is that hunch-backed, beetle-browed Lord Chesterfield; there is John Hervey, with his deadly smile, and ghastly, painted face—I hate them. . . . The man who wrote the story [of Queen Caroline's deathbed] had something diabolical about him:

the terrible verses which Pope wrote respecting Hervey, in one of his own moods of almost fiendish malignity, I fear, are true. I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy I behold that ghastly, beautiful face.

So it is that Pope's effort to blacken Hervey's memory has been very nearly successful. Swift thought it bound to succeed, even before the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* was written, as appears from what he wrote to Pope, in the spring of 1733, apropos of the *Verses Addressed to the Imitator of Horace*:

> Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus* [the motto appended to the *Verses*] is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness, only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

Swift would certainly have been safe, so far as Hervey was concerned, had the latter left only poetry behind him. A number of his poems are to be found in the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of Dodsley's *Collection* (1782), and in the first volume of the *New Foundling Hospital for Wit* (1784), and they were collectively published in 1808 and in 1818. Why they should have been gathered together, why they should have been printed at all, nobody can say. They only prove that their author was no poet. But the publication of the *Memoirs* at once put a different face upon things. This Courthope recognized when he took up the task of editing Pope's *Works*, and his effort to meet the new situation may fairly be described as desperate, yet, at the same time, typical of nineteenth-century comment. "Pope", he wrote, "is unjust in his estimate of his victim's intellect; Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* show that he possessed high statesmanlike qualities, prudence, penetration, and judgement; but they equally show that the character of Sporus was no libel on his heart; all his observations on individuals are made in a spirit of bitter detraction, and his cynical view of human nature is unrelieved by a generous sentiment. His style affords perpetual examples of the correctness of Pope's description of it as 'one vile antithesis'."

The indictment can easily be answered. Hervey's spirit of "bitter detraction" is by no means unrelieved, as nobody can fail to discover who takes the trouble to read his book. His observations are, in fact, those of a man of penetration and judgement; and Courthope's attempt to cut that man in two will no more stand examination than Macaulay's effort to divide Boswell into a drunken fool and the greatest of all biographers. Thackeray's horror, moreover, is only the ugly side of his incurable sentimentalism, and his estimate of Hervey is worth no more than his estimate of Swift. Both precious verdicts should be forgotten when we think of that great novelist, as he himself would have been forgotten long ago had he been nothing other than a would-be critic, reflecting what was least defensible in Victorian "moral superiority". And when we turn away from Thackeray and Courthope and the others we may at length be able to recognize what, indeed, one writer, in the *Edinburgh Review*, recognized in 1848—that "there are men who have infamy thrust upon them with as little justice as others have greatness", and that "the intellectual vigour, profound sagacity, and various accomplishments of Lord Hervey", as revealed in his *Memoirs*, bear "strong witness to the worthlessness of popular notions and contemporary report". We may at length recognize that Hervey was, in fact, "one of the most acute observers and best prose writers of his age"; and it should henceforth be impossible for any student of the early eighteenth century and its literature, unless he is content to be convicted of utter superficiality, to neglect the *Materials towards Memoirs of the Reign of King George II.*

REVIEWS

Where Are the People?*

IT IS a conspicuous fact of history in all ages that the class in power conceals both its origin and the nature of its rule not only from the people but from itself. This double concealment is, of course, necessary both to the self-confidence of the ruling-class and to the security of its power over the common people. If this is a feature of political power everywhere, it is futile to denounce it as inherently evil: it was the fashion, at the end of the eighteenth century, to puncture the "rationalization of power" in monarchy and aristocracy; yet as a simple question of historical experience we see in that attitude, with its belief in liberty and the rights of man, a new rationalization of power that now sustains middle-class capitalism. Putting the best face on political power is indeed of the essence of society, not only under monarchy or aristocracy but in modern communist and democratic states. Such a political rationalization, in all its extensions, is one with the culture of a nation or an age; it must determine and inform both social and political action.

In general our civilization is acquainted with three types of power: monarchy, aristocracy, and plutocracy, these being the determinate forms of which polities like democracy are intermediate and incomplete stages. Under pure monarchy the aegis of power is religious; the king rests upon divine right; and he is therefore theoretically not a person, but the summation of the people and hence their protector. Under aristocracy the monarchy declines in favour of a special class, but if this class is a genuine aristocracy it will, in the interest of social order and its own tenure of rule, set limits to its exploitation of the people. The price that aristocracy pays for power is a high standard of public and private conduct that the masses can respect, and the diffusion through society of the materials of civilized living in sufficient quantity to bind all classes together in a single culture.

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* THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE *by Herbert Agar* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. 337 pages. $3.50).

The remarkable feature of the modern plutocracies is their failure to pay a price for power. They neither seek nor achieve the respect of the people. In the United States, where plutocratic power has run its course, we may observe its most characteristic features. Owing to the special history of this country as a member of the western political group, capitalism at the outset was compelled to seek a special rationalization of its will to power. The economic origins of American capitalism are probably the same as those of its European counterpart: at that moment when, in the Hanseatic towns, the Protestant bankers succeeded in establishing as truth the fiction that money is a commodity, the general form for capitalism was discovered *in economic terms*. Not until the French Revolution, however, did the middle-class capitalists consolidate their position; they discovered that, in order to break the power of monarchy and aristocracy, the allegiance of the people must be captured, and democracy in its modern form was invented. Western history since the French Revolution tends to prove that democracy is not a state, but an intermediate or transitional stage in politics from the older forms to capitalism. It is the general form of the capitalist rationalization of power, not only here but in Europe.

No avowedly democratic state has made a serious effort to make equality of economic opportunity a social reality; for this concession to the people would have jeopardized the plutocratic aims of the middle class. In this country Jacksonian democracy stopped with the fiction of social equality. Economic inequality and the fictitious character of social equality provide the first step of American capitalism to rationalize its power. Working with the reality of economic disparity, capitalism made secure the doctrine of social equality, and fought on that basis the War Between the States, which finally consolidated its power.

Two special applications of the capitalist viewpoint may therefore be observed in this country. Our capitalism has contrived to make, first, a special myth of its own origin: the myth that it rose with the salvation of democracy and the Union. It has constructed, secondly, a pseudo-moral sanction for itself: its origin being heroic, its mission to the American people is necessarily to give them the benefits of "democracy". But these benefits are narrowly defined as material commodities, which, so long as capitalism remained in good health, could be distributed widely enough to lull the people into believing that it was still possible for any man to rise to a foremost position as a distributor of loot; that is, become a capitalist.

American capitalism has thus followed the pattern typical of all ruling classes: it has disguised its origins and it has issued a "moral" sanction. It is becoming increasingly evident to the historians that the transitional period of early American politics, known as democracy, was not perpetuated, but was crushed out of existence by the Confederate War; and that the Union, instead of being preserved as a real union of interests, survived as a fiction by which capitalism enormously extended its power, at the expense of local, agricultural interests. It was a great triumph of practical politics when the Eastern capitalists persuaded the Middle West that the Civil War was a war of democracy and free farming against slave labour and inequality of opportunity; for it was the Middle West that won the war for the "Union". The moral sanction of capitalism has been no less fictitious. It is not a moral sanction at all: whereas a true aristocracy keeps power by earning public respect, industrial capitalism offers the people (when it is prosperous) a material bribe in the form of endless secondary commodities—that is, direct consumables. Productive property, or capital, is constantly taken from the people; under the rationalization of "democracy" capitalism has tended to reduce the masses of the population to a state of abject economic dependence, which approaches servility.

This is the general background of the contemporary social, economic, and political situation of this country. In the most remarkable popular history that has been written on America, Mr. Herbert Agar traces the growth of capitalist power, its stranglehold on the resources of the American people and its destruction of the free political life of the country.

Mr. Agar's method is simple and direct, calculated to capture the interests of the ordinary man, who presumably takes no time from business to read abstractions, but who will attend to the more dramatic story of the election of our presidents.

There is nothing in Mr. Agar's book that is not known to historians. But practically none of it has reached the lay reader. The general point of view is absolutely strange to the public. Mr. Agar's ostensible purpose is to examine the character and career of each of the twenty-nine presidents down through Harding. His real purpose is to depict the decline of the agrarian republic which dominated the country until the Civil War, and the rise of capitalist "democracy" in which the popular vote is consistently manipulated by the bosses for the benefit of the money power. Beginning with Martin Van Buren, the last twenty-two presidents, including Harding, exhibit, according to Mr. Agar, four "able" men; the first seven gave the country six men of more than ordinary capacity. The explanation of this discrepancy is the domination of politics by capitalism. It was not until the rise of the Republican Party supplied the moral sanction of anti-slavery sentiment that capitalism was able to undertake a war and win its victory; yet as early as W. H. Harrison's campaign Nicholas Biddle had mastered capitalist politics. "Let him", he wrote of Harrison, "say not one single word about his principles or his creed . . . about what he thinks now or will do hereafter. Let the use of pen and ink be wholly forbidden." So the country had the "log-cabin and hard cider" campaign, and has been having it, with brief and futile interludes, ever since.

Mr. Agar's treatment of his large portrait gallery is uniformly just and shrewd. His resurrection of John Tyler from mediocrity is a brilliant innovation that deserves permanence; his portrait of J. Q. Adams as the last president who made a serious attempt to rescue the country from the exploitation of money power will doubtless influence future writers, and correct a prevailing error in American history. But it is chiefly his firm sense of the real forces that have made modern America that gives the book its great interest and value. Mr. Agar has no "solution"; yet he shows clearly that the systematic loot of agriculture by industrial capitalism, the indirect but efficient confiscation of property by money power, the reduction of the American citizen to the status of a wage slave—these abuses cannot continue, and must give way to radical changes that may, for a time, be either better or worse. Those who, like the Communists, would correct capitalism without correcting industrialism, have no radical solution to offer, but envisage Utopia in the readjustment of fundamental error. What confronts us, it is neither within my vision nor within the province of a review to predict. Mr. Agar presents us with an indispensable handbook of American errors. As an example of his sympathetic and detached insight, the following words from his portrait of Lincoln should be engraved in stone, for the perpetual enlightenment of those Americans who have assimilated Lincoln into the myth of capitalist origins in this country:

> [Lincoln] had no knowledge of the economic revolution that was taking place, no prevision of its effects on politics. It is this ignorance that accounts for Lincoln's belief

that the Southerners were seceding because of what they thought was a threat to slavery. When they disregarded his honest and explicit promises that their slave property would not be touched, Lincoln thought they were bemused by disloyal leaders. . . . There is no telling whether he would have made [war] if he had realized that the South was fighting for an agrarian society against the threat of a business man's oligarchy. Lincoln would have hated that oligarchy almost as much as did Jefferson Davis, and if he had grasped the main issue, Lincoln might have felt that his real fight lay elsewhere.

Because the real fight lay outside the false issue of freedom or slavery, capitalism was able to step in, in the Reconstruction, and seize the power. After we have bemused ourselves with the equally false issue of "capitalism *v.* the worker", what monster will rise upon our delusion to enslave us again? It is likely that its name will be Communism—a new rationalization of industrial power completing the reduction of free citizens to the ignominy of servitude.

ALLEN TATE

A Democratic Aristocrat*

SINCE men as discriminating as Stuart Sherman and Barrett Wendell regarded W. C. Brownell as our greatest critic of recent times, those interested in criticism will welcome this anthology which makes selections from his life-work accessible in one volume and which enables us to consider the value of that work as an organic whole. The volume contains selections from *French Traits*, *French Art*, *Newport*, *Victorian Prose Masters*, *American Prose Masters*, *Standards*, *The Genius of Style*, and *Democratic Distinction in America*, followed by some hundred and fifty pages modestly entitled "Biographical Notes and Impressions of the Later Years" by his wife. Many admirers of Brownell, however, who recall his insistence that "style results from the preservation in every part of some sense of the form of the whole", who see as one of his distinctive merits his devotion to the architecture of the essay, will probably be disappointed in finding that this regard for the relation of the part to the whole has been much obscured by the method used in compiling this anthology. Not only are few paragraphs printed consecutively, the pages being strewn with dots indicating omissions, but many sentences have been reduced to phrases and clauses: ". . . the aggressiveness characteristic of attenuated personalities. . ."; "the exclusions which mark the progress of culture . . ."; ". . . standards furnished by the sifting of innumerable examples, and illustrated in the work of the surviving fittest. . . ".

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* **WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL: An Anthology of His Writings Together with Autobiographical Notes, and Impressions of the Later Years *by Gertrude Hall Brownell* (SCRIBNER'S. 381 pp. $3.50)**

Furthermore, this kind of selection is likely to intensify the prevailing impression of what has been regarded as one of his chief weaknesses, his tendency to restrict criticism, as his admirer Sherman lamented, "so exclusively to the field of pure knowledge and understanding". The selections in this volume have evidently been made with the object of presenting Brownell as an oracular maker of epigrams, of aphorisms, and of ethical and aesthetic theorems. To those accustomed to the comparatively concrete and sensuous approach of the impressionists and the literary historians, or to the art of men such as Bliss Perry in transmuting ideas into vivid images, Brownell seems to be distinguished by a monumental aridity, an inveterate habit of logical and syllogistic abstractions couched in a highly Latinized diction. Even when he aims to be simple, to descend to short sentences, he writes like this: "To predicate benevolence of all beneficence is more ingenuous than discriminating." After reading pages of such assertions the layman is apt to yawn or to want a closer walk with the book which is supposed to be undergoing criticism; to yearn for the concrete evidence and proof which literary historians and those whom Sherman accused of "academic vacuity" are accustomed to offer. One is apt to object to Brownell's method not so much because it is difficult as because it is so often unsupported by anything which furnishes a basis for agreement or disagreement. Almost exclusively a judicial critic concerned not with interpretation but with evaluation by rationalistic criteria, Brownell, in spite of all his greatness, will probably be regarded by many as an illustration of the fact that judicial criticism can reach its maximum effectiveness only when interpenetrated, or at least prefaced, by a historical and genetic scholarship devoted to a precise and objective presentation of the growth of the author's thought.

If these considerations suggest reservations as to Brownell's supreme greatness and effectiveness, it is but fair to recall the qualities which did make him one of our outstanding critics and to note that his concern with abstract values and his devotion to their application were much needed when men such as Mencken were throwing bricks or bouquets indiscriminately, when literary historians concerned with "sources" suggested that the beginning was of more importance than the end. Brownell's penchant for abstractions was atoned for in part by the fact that his eminent position for thirty-eight years as literary adviser to a great publishing house, and his power to reject, accept, or call for the revision of manuscripts, enabled him to do much in a practical way to direct and improve the quality of American literature. If his influence as a Jeffersonian devoted to a fore-shortened and provincial idealism acted as the wedge which ultimately separated Stuart Sherman from Burkean Federalists such as Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, who based their views on a much more vigorous and scholarly analysis of tradition, it should be noted that his democracy was of the sort which sought for its ideal "the spread in widest commonalty of aristocratic virtues", and that in general terms his influence, if less effective in stirring positive agreement or disagreement, has been in many respects in the direction of that of Messrs. Babbitt and More. I have in mind his steady concern for values; his lofty aesthetic and ethical standards richly illustrated from literary tradition; his fineness and austerity of taste; his insistence that literary criticism must be a part of a larger philosophy including aesthetics, ethics, politics, and religion; his refusal to separate form and content, aesthetics and ethics; his perception of the fallacies of superficial humanitarianism and of the attempt to substitute outer for inner control; and his view that "the end of our effort is a true estimate of the data encountered in the search for that beauty which from Plato to Keats has been identified with truth, and that the highest service of criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the true".

The biographical portion of the book, accurately described as composed of "notes" and "impressions", gives us a pleasantly intimate view of a figure hitherto cloaked in austerity; it will be of great assistance to the biographer who, it is to be hoped, will bring to the study of Brownell's distinguished career both an understanding of his significance and a gift for creative portraiture. The story of this fortunate and regal life demonstrates that high distinction in a democracy is still within the reach of those who do not accept the deterministic "liberals' " bondage to environment and matter.

HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

Croce and the "Religion of Liberty" *

FEW books of our time have stirred a people to such passionate discussion as this *Storia di Europa nel Secolo Decimonono*, now given to the American public in an excellent translation by Henry Furst. It first appeared two years ago in Bari in the south of Italy, and its publication immediately provoked a veritable frenzy of argument throughout the whole country. Croce's admirers hailed it as the inspired gospel of a new religion, while his critics denounced it as a particularly vicious attack upon the canons of orthodox thought. Within a few weeks every Italian

* HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *by Benedetto Croce* (HARCOURT, BRACE. 375 pp. $3.75).

newspaper of any prominence had carried a signed article on it, and Papini had entered the lists with a fierce polemic against it in the *Nuova Antologia.* Six months after its first printing, the book was officially condemned by the Catholic Church.

In order that American readers may grasp the reason for all this furore, it must be noted that, broadly speaking, there are just two viewpoints from which the modern man may look upon the problem of the meaning of human life. One such viewpoint is that of Aristotelian realism as interpreted by scholastic thought. In this view our present life with all its activities is seen simply as part of a wider order of being to which all our mundane values must logically be subordinated. Underlying this supernatural outlook there is the postulate of transcendence, the postulate of God as the Creator and Sustainer of the universe and as the Supreme Ruler to whom we are all ultimately responsible.

The other viewpoint is that of the neo-idealist, the type of modern thinker who traces his philosophical pedigree to Hegel and even to Descartes. For the neo-idealist the present order is the only real order. He considers our duty as nothing more than our aspiration toward the best we can conceive of. As Croce himself expresses it in this book, the aim of life is in life itself; duty lies in the increase and elevation of this life, and the method of that elevation consists of free initiative and individual inventiveness. Obviously, there is no place in this system for the postulate of a transcendent God; man is conceived of as entirely sufficient unto himself for all his ethical perfection and all his cultural needs.

Now, these two viewpoints are mutually exclusive. If one is true, the other is necessarily false. Either there is a transcendent God or there is not; and a man's whole outlook on life and its problems depends on which of these two philosophies he chooses as the working principle of his existence. For the many years of his academic life Benedetto Croce has been a champion of the neo-idealist view and has expounded it consistently for the intellectuals of his generation. In this book he rises from his desk, as it were, and goes forth to preach his doctrine to the crowds of common men.

In other words, Croce has forced the fundamental problem of philosophy out of the relative peace of the study and has brought it forth into the noise of the market-place. He takes a historical period of which all of us are the immediate heirs and he gives to his story of that period a philosophical interpretation which is peculiarly his own. He depicts the panorama of events as philosophy in motion, as a progressive revelation of causes and consequences with all their appropriate correlations, as the mirror of the universal consciousness in a chosen moment of its functioning, as the gradual unfolding of a definite idea in terms of what we call time. That definite idea is the idea of liberty. He sees the whole century as the history of that idea. The representative men of the period stand before him as devotees of the religion of liberty, a religion which all of them duly served and for which many of them suffered and died.

Of course, he admits there were other religions, but he regards them as rivals and as hostile forces which warred against the liberal ideal. Four of them he definitely names: Catholicism with its basic postulate of divine transcendence, Monarchism with its notion of divine right, Democracy with its axioms of civil and political equality, and Communism with its ideals of economic freedom. These four religions, it seems, were surpassed by the religion of the new era but in themselves "they composed important historical realities and answered to certain ideal moments that are forever being repeated".

Among those chief rivals to the religion of liberty Croce accords first place to Catholicism, which he describes as "the direct and logical negation of the liberal idea". Indeed he finds that Catholicism always recognized itself to be the foe of liberty and proclaimed itself as such from the first appearance of that idea. He goes on to say that the Church of Rome "*always* [except for certain passing episodes or illusive appearances] *played that part in active life*". On the very next page he elaborates this universal in the following fashion:

> The activity of the Catholic Church, considered in history, is either directed to the ends of civilization, of knowledge, of custom, of political and social policy, of the life of this world, of human progress—as can be clearly seen in her great period, when she preserved a large part of the heritage of the ancient world and *defended the rights of conscience and of liberty and of the life of the spirit* against barbaric peoples and against the materialistic tyranny of emperors and kings—or else she shrinks to being a guardian of decrepit and dead forms. [The italics are mine.]

Now, if it is true that Catholicism, during any period of its history, was so energized by its own principle of divine transcendence that it defended the rights of conscience and the ideal of liberty, then two consequences logically follow: first, it is false to assert that Catholicism *always* played the part of an opponent of the liberal idea, and second, it is absurd to state that Catholicism, which depends for the very breath of its life upon the principle of transcendence, is intrinsically opposed to the principle of liberty and is "the direct and logical negation of the liberal idea". Other such examples of fallacious argument may be found throughout the book, not only in the author's discussion of Catholicism but also in his treatment of other cultural elements of the nineteenth century.

But to come to the principal point, namely Croce's offense against the sanctity of language by his misuse of the word *religion.* As it is conceived in the minds of ordinary men, this word connotes a relationship involving two terms as well as the bond between them; it implies an active agent in worship, it postulates a greater Something which is the appropriate object of worship, and it tells of a devotional bond which unites the first to the second of these two terms. The idea of religion is born of the notion of transcendence, is fed by the ancillary notions of dependence and reverence and loving service, and is lifted into the glory of life by the notion of a final perfection of Being such as we do not actually find within our own souls. But Croce, rejecting the notion of transcendence, takes quite another view of religion. He considers it to be a simple philosophical concept of immanence, with a warm and tender ethical corollary which finds its supreme justification in an emotional atmosphere of self-approval and self-esteem. This is too vague and nebulous for ordinary men. It is religiosity rather than religion.

But, argues Croce, men have suffered and died for liberty. Well, that fact does not make of liberty a religion. Nor does it justify Croce's naïve assumption that the men who fought and fell at the barricades were anti-Christian just as they were anti-monarchist. Croce builds his whole study of liberalism on the assumption that a belief in the Supreme Being or a trust in the goodness and mercy of God was utterly dead in the hearts of the intellectuals who struggled and died for freedom. The available biographical evidence tells quite another story.

In its broad historical aspects the book has a high value. Croce's account of the revolutionary movement of the twenties, his analysis of the liberal forces at work in the fifties and sixties, his masterly treatment of the evolution of modern imperialism, are brilliantly set forth in pages of sheer beauty. It is the philosophy of the book that is wrong. Time and time again, Croce seems to twist the narrative to suit his own historical idealism, and throughout the whole book he persists in forcing upon the reader a purely immanent theory of the universe with an ethic conformed to that theory.

The human spirit will never be finally content with a philosophy of life based solely on the "historical realities" of Croce. It ever yearns for that ultimate perfection of Being which, in its own right, is outside and beyond our human existence. And the current protest again Croce's lifelong failure to allow for the principle of transcendence may give something of comfort to the scholastic realist. For, in its very defects, the book is a hopeful sign that we are approaching the closure of the philosophical parenthesis that began with Descartes three hundred years ago.

CHAS. F. RONAYNE

Peter Abelard*

IF THE suffrage of the Literary Guild bears any weight, Jane Harrison's successor has been recognized and crowned. Helen Waddell is not a classical scholar, though she has much Greek and more Latin. She is a mediaevalist, but so endowed that lingering with Virgil and Tully might have been an almost overpowering temptation. However, if I interpret correctly her kind of curiosity, the great ages of Greece and Rome bestow their gifts too freely—their mysteries are no longer mysterious. Probing their ruins rarely unearths a crown. The Middle Ages are the true *terra incognita* of the Occident, and to them a mind avid for subtleties must turn to satiate its hunger.

Miss Waddell's career is brief, and I regret that I cannot give it the substance of personality. Her first book, *The Wandering Scholars*, is comparable, in its all-dimensional understanding of the Middle Ages, to Ker's *The Dark Ages* and Haskins's *The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century*. It is, however, rather more stimulating than these, for its air of informality (which manages to co-exist with footnotes and appendices) is practically unique in a scholarly treatise. I can only convey its uncanny freshness by insisting

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*PETER ABELARD *by Helen Waddell* (HENRY HOLT. 303 pp. $2.50) that Miss Waddell seems entirely the contemporary of Ausonius, Gottschalk, and John of Salisbury. The centuries cannot resist her sympathy.

A second book, *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics*, appeared in 1929, two years after *The Wandering Scholars.* It is an anthology of originals and translations ranging from the fourth to the thirteenth century. Explaining some obvious omissions, Miss Waddell observes: "A man cannot say 'I will translate,' any more than he can say 'I will compose poetry.' In this minor art also, the wind blows where it lists." Here is no apology, merely the eclectic's proper humility for her task. The Englishing of these glorious texts proves that translation is still an art, even though a minor one.

These are strange preparations, judged by conventional standards, for writing a novel. Scholars' novels are usually dreadful—think of Becker's *Gallus*, for example. And the announcement of *Peter Abelard* was scarcely reassuring. Had not this greatest love story of the Middle Ages caused Alexander Pope to desert his favoured muse, not too happily? And hadn't George Moore, obviously after an exhilarating tour through the Musée de Cluny, written a clever, often beautifully worded, but thoroughly unconvincing fiction? The omens were not good.

Peter Abelard tells the old familiar story which, because of its essential drama, can never fall on deaf ears. Its main outlines need no recapitulation here—Miss Waddell's version extends from Abelard's first meeting with Heloise to the foundation of the Paraclete. Since suspense is not an element of book reviewing, I wish to state definitely that *Peter Abelard* is Miss Waddell's third book and third success.

This Abelard is not merely a great lover, not merely another rearrangement of the author of the famous *Letters*. He is, quite as much, the *mens regalis*, the triumphant expounder of the *Sic et Non*. He is the Abelard who confounded old Anselm of Laon and William of Champeaux, taught John of Salisbury, and measured his strength with Bernard of Clairvaux. This Abelard, lecturing to his thousands at Notre Dame or the Paraclete, innocently brought the university into being. He is the first scholar "for scholarship's sake". These are the incidents of a salient intellectual heroism which has, at long last, found its proper biographer—one who understands how intolerably burned the quenchless fires of his mind.

Peter the Venerable, in one of his letters, says that Abelard, during those last mournful years at Cluny (whither he had fled from the fulminations of two Councils), was "humbler than St. Martin, lowlier than St. Germain". It is, I submit, Miss Waddell's ponderable triumph that her vain, strutting Abelard of the first chapter must inevitably become the penitent of Cluny, must inevitably drink deeply of the "sincere milk of the Word" and so be illuminated. There is nothing static about this Abelard, and his Calvary proceeds with an inner dignity and *modus* of its own.

George Moore, with the perverseness of the always ebullient naughty boy of the nineties, chose to write the story of Heloise *and* Abelard. But the facts do not permit this violence—even the *Letters*, which are studded (no man knows how profusely) with the interpolations of John of Meung, make no secret of the real situation. Abelard was ever the master (even when mastered by love), Heloise ever the pupil who adored the great clerk with an adoration properly reserved for a greater service. When Peter the Venerable delivered Abelard's remains to Heloise, the holy, middle-aged abbess of the Paraclete, she thanked him, bleakly enough, not for the body of her lover, but for the body of her "master".

The obvious drama of Heloise and Abelard has hitherto usurped that more elusive, incorrigible drama made from the passion of two minds. Abelard was the *mens regalis* of the twelfth century, Heloise its Hypatia. The obvious drama of the priest and the nun belongs to the later years of their passion, when time had robbed them of desire. Miss Waddell has been the first to discover the dominating *motif* of the *Letters*–the love of these philosophers reflected the quality and intensity of their minds. This was almost a commonplace of the Middle Ages.

Peter Abelard is a robust book, lyric with the special intoxication of the twelfth century, when God was so near that contentious quibbling about Him made men more comfortable. These subtle, troubled men could work off their excess of apprehension in theological speculation. Eventually they could see God, as Abelard (dangerously veering towards heresy) saw Him.

The complexity of the twelfth century is in this wonderful book, which begs for quotation. Particularity would, I suppose, make Miss Waddell's method deceptively clear–but it would still remain elusive. I can only say that you may have read it all before–in Erigena, Gerbert, Otto of Freising and Bernard of Clairvaux, in Abelard himself. As John of Salisbury was wont to seek counsel of his Tully as with a familiar gossip, loved but not too drearily reverenced, so Helen Waddell turns in friendship to the row upon row of Migne's stupendous *Patrologia*.

In addition to righting the values in the story of Abelard and Heloise, Miss Waddell has created one superb and, as far as I know, purely fictional character. Gilles de Vannes frequently overshadows Abelard himself–his richness, his full-bodied appreciations adumbrate the *curé* of Meudon–with a difference, of course. His reality is especially remarkable, because his rôle is, finally, a puppet's. He is Abelard's *defensor*, created for that purpose and fortified for the task with the wisdom of the pagans and the faith of the Church. He is old, so old that some of John the Scot's subtle but ephemeral tradition may have passed to him. Yet, with infinite wisdom, he sees into the future.

> . . . when this generation is dead, the youngsters in Paris will be reading his books, though some other name will be upon them, and they will be taught to think, though they will not name his name. And some day, it may be a hundred years from now, it may be two hundred, but some man will speak again of reason and authority, as he did, and will bring together the whole Summa of theology by just such methods as his, and they will write that man's name in the Calendar of Saints and they will handle his book as if it were the Ark of the Covenant. But meantime they will have hounded Abelard to death.

This prediction-after-the-fact is the nearest that Helen Waddell comes to the anachronism of modern interpretation. Yet this brief passage implies the peaceful penetration of Abelard's methods into orthodox theology and their adoption, though not their author's, by the Church. When, in the 1846 Encyclical, Pius IX spoke of a "reasonable service", he gave tardy praise to Peter Abelard, the founder of modern theology. It is a far cry from the time when Bernard of Clairvaux, certainly not the most subtle of theologians, wrote of Abelard: "*Cum de Trinitate loquitur, sapit Arium; cum de gratia, sapit Pelagium; cum de persona Christi, sapit Nestorium.*"

WALLACE BROCKWAY

The Travels of William Bartram*

A STUDY such as Mr. Fagin's of a little known American reminds us how much we lose by the fact that there is only one section of our cultural heritage which has thoroughly permeated the modern American mind: the culture of mid-nineteenth-century Boston. Indeed not a few monuments of our intellectual past have had, because of this narrow perspective, greater influence abroad than in our own country. This is particularly the case with William Bartram, author of the volume entitled *Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the Extensive Territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Choctaws; Containing an Account of the Soil and Natural Productions of These Regions, together with Observations on the Manners of the Indians.*

Bartram was born at Kingsessing, near Philadelphia,

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*WILLIAM BARTRAM, INTERPRETER OF THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE *by N. Bryllion Fagin* (JOHNS HOPKINS. 229 pp. $2.25).

in 1739 and died at the same place in 1823. He was of Quaker stock, but his father, John Bartram (1699-1777), was read out of meeting in 1758 because of his deistic convictions. John Bartram began life as a farmer, with only a simple country-school education. But, as he wrote an English friend in 1764: "I had always since ten years old a great inclination to plants, and knew all that I once observed by sight. . . ." It was only natural that he should have turned his attention to botany; the extraordinary thing is that he should have become so proficient in this science as to lead Linnaeus to characterize him as "the greatest natural botanist in the world". With such a father, it was almost inevitable that William Bartram should have a certain interest in natural science. And since the fates determined that he should likewise be an artist of no little talent, both in language and in drawing, we might expect to find the son surpassing the father in reputation. William Bartram received not only a more extensive formal education than his father, but by virtue of his father's attainments received a remarkable informal training as well. When the boy was but fourteen years old he accompanied his father on a scientific expedition to the Catskills, and John Bartram's wide circle of friends and correspondents, including many of the most celebrated men of science of the day, both in America and Europe, must surely have had a profound effect in forming William's mind. It should also be remembered that John Bartram had established the first botanical garden in America at Kingsessing, and maintained it until his death.

William Bartram had some difficulty in choosing his career. His father did not "want him to be what is commonly called a gentleman". He had to earn his living, and the natural sciences seemed to offer very little opportunity for this. At last William was apprenticed to a Philadelphia merchant, and when he had served his time, he set up in business at Cape Fear, North Carolina (1761). But the young man did not find happiness in mercantile life. In 1766 his father suggested that William accompany him on a botanizing expedition in the South. The suggestion was accepted, and for the first time since childhood the young man saw wild nature. Since this expedition took him largely through portions of Florida, where the climate is warm enough to banish most of the explorer's discomforts, William Bartram naturally fell in love with what he beheld. Following this expedition he refused to go back to Philadelphia with his father, and became instead a planter of indigo on the Saint John's River. At agriculture, however, he proved no more successful than at commerce. It was therefore with great alacrity that in 1772 William Bartram undertook an expedition of his own, financed by a London Quaker physician.

It was this expedition, covering parts of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and what are now Alabama and Louisiana which provided William Bartram with the materials for the book which made him famous. The expedition lasted for almost five years, ending in 1778. From this time on, Bartram lived at Kingsessing on his father's place, tending the Botanical Garden, writing his *Travels*, and refusing every offer of positions of trust or honour, until his death in 1823. The *Travels* were first published in

Philadelphia in 1791. The next year a London edition appeared, to be followed shortly after by an edition published in Dublin, and translations into German, Dutch, and French. A modern reprint, edited by Mark Van Doren, is available.

Mr. N. Bryllion Fagin's volume on Bartram, to which I am indebted for the foregoing, is the first full-length study of the great influence exerted by the *Travels*. It has long been known that the *Travels* were read by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey; some years ago Professor Chinard showed that most of Chauteaubriand's American *mise-en-scène* was based on Bartram. It remained for Mr. Fagin laboriously to trace the specific influence of Bartram on the poets of the Lake School. One must confess that Mr. Fagin's work is distressingly tedious, and one can only hope that the published book was a thesis for which its author duly received his doctorate. For this is another book which, in its present form, should never have been published. It is full of repetitions; paragraphs from the *Travels* are quoted two or three times over. And there is an "undigested" feeling to the whole volume which suggests that a far better achievement would have been attained if the author had allowed his findings to mellow a little before letting them be put in type.

William Bartram cries aloud for an interpretative essay of the kind Paul Elmer More can write with such grace, an essay at once paying tribute to the great beauty and artistry of Bartram's writing, and yet pointing out how his masterpiece, intended as a work of science, and possessing considerable scientific merit, served chiefly as a source for the idyllic exoticism, for the cult of the noble savage, and for the sentimental humanitarianism which so marred the work of the English Lake Poets. Of course without Bartram, these elements would still have appeared, for they were implicit in the eighteenth-century revolt against neo-classicism, especially after Rousseau had channeled this revolt in the "Romantic" direction; and indeed there is a great deal of the pietistic deist in Bartram himself. But Bartram's *Travels* is another, and a conspicuous, example of a book of high literary merit and great charm whose influence was largely in the direction of much that today seems particularly pernicious in early nineteenth-century philosophy. For its own excellence and interest, the *Travels* deserves to be read by every American interested in the cultural history of his country; for philosophy's sake, it deserves critical and historical treatment in terms of its influence. Mr. Fagin has supplied the materials for such a study.

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